HEAVY METAL
November 1977
$1.50
The adult illustrated fantasy magazine
LES HUMANOIDES ASSOCIES

Introducing The Bose Model 601.

The new Model 601 loudspeaker from Bose looks, works, and sounds very different from any conventional floor-standing speaker.

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BOSE

Better sound through research.

Patents issued and pending. Controls are optional extras.

THE BIG O CALENDAR
WIZARDRY & WILD ROMANCE 1978

Big O brings you fantastic Art at its very best. Not so much a calendar, more a unique visual experience to illuminate the carnage of the year. Rodney Matthews vivid compelling illustrations inspired by Michael Moorcock's incredible imagery bring you Corum, Elric & Hawkmoon in their eternal struggle against the Lords of Chaos whilst the Ice Spirit and Jewelsons stand serene in their magical landscapes. Sheer wizardry indeed!

The twelve illustrations are taken from the following Moorcock books:

The Weeping Sorceress, Elric & Moonglum **GA80,** *Phoenix in Obsidian*, The Sea Chariot of Rowenana **GA80,** *Lord of the Spiders*, The Great Mistletoe **GA84,** *The Oak and the Ram*, The People of the Pines **GA78,** *The Champion of Garathorm*, Blue of Gard Garathorm **GA81,** *The King of the Swords*, Jewelsons **GA77,** *The Sleeper of Death*, The Twilight Tower **GA85,** *The Jewel in the Skull*, Hawkmoon Defends Castle Brass **GA83,** *Stormbringer*, The Dragon Lord **GA76,** *Masters of the Pit*, The Pool Masters **GA74,** *The Knight of the Swords*, Corum Escapes **GA82,** *The Ice Schooner*, The Ice Spirit **GA81.**

In each case, Rodney has interpreted a passage from the book which he feels captures the essence of Michael Moorcock's imagery. And for these Moorcock freaks who can't get enough of the stuff, we've included a current bibliography of the Master's work.

Wizardry & Wild Romance 1978 is printed in full color on fine artboard and we present it to you at a cost of $6.95 in the shops, or $8.50 (inc P&P) direct from Big O.

Each month's illustration is also available as a beautiful full-color poster (70 x 100cm) printed on heavy-art paper and available in your local record, book or gift shop at $3.50 or $4.00 (inc P&P) from Big O. Titles and ref. nos. given above. Six of these posters have been on sale since last Autumn and now we complete the *Wizardry* series in grand style with six more of the best. **Don't miss them!**

GA81 *ELAN OF GARATHORM*

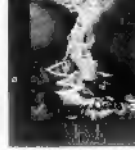
GA76 *THE DRAGON LORD*

RODNEY MATTHEWS POSTERS

GA82 *SPACE HIJACK*

GA83 *ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE*

The Wizardry series are not the only Rodney Matthews posters in our collection. There are other earlier Greats from the brush of H.Magnificent and some new ones too. Recently published are GA30 Yellow Brick Road GA62 Space Hijack (shown here) GA63 Another Time Another Place (shown here) GA29 Out of an Amber Sky GA31 Arrival of the Fox Classic GA32 Mongrove GA33 Venus Cruiser GA34 Vortex GA35 Lord Tagged of Catania The golden oldies are GA40 Last Armada, GA41 In Search of Heaven GA42 Taste for Revenge GA43 The Lurker Rising GA44 Conversation GA45 Travel Reckoning GA46 Warriors from the Sky GA47 Twelve Towers of Chaos. Browse your local store for any one of them at $3.50 or get them from us at $4.00 (inc P&P).



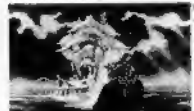
VIEWS

If you've not yet heard of Roger Dean's book **Views**, the best advice we can give is to beat a path down the mountainside to your nearest stockist, thrust $10.99 into his hands and see what all the fuss is about. Or we'll be pleased to send you a copy direct at $11.50 (inc P&P).

ROGER DEAN POSTERS

Big O publishes many of Roger Dean's album cover designs as beautiful color posters and we have recently put four new posters of his into the shops. The new titles are GA67 Dragon & Tree, GA68 Budget, GA69 Greenslade, GA70 Greenslade Seashore (none, I'm afraid, of the Dean posters available are: GA1 Osibisa, GA2 Osibisa Wrapper, GA3 Hands, GA4 Eternal Landing, GA5 Paladin Charge, GA6 Uriah Heep, GA9 Budgie, GA10 Yessongs, Pathway, GA11 Yessongs, Amphitheatre, GA12 Topographic Oceans, GA13 Yessongs, Eclipse, GA14 Yessongs Aerial, GA15 Blue Division, GA16 Bedside Manners, GA17 Relayer, GA18 Tantalizer, GA19 Close to the Edge, GA20 Virgin Label, GA21 Mckendree Spring, GA27 Castle Castle, B182 Yes Logo.

Each poster is available in the shops at $3.50 and from Big O at $4.00 (inc P&P).



GA61 *GREENSLADE SEA*

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Heavy Metal Vol. I, No. 8 November 1977

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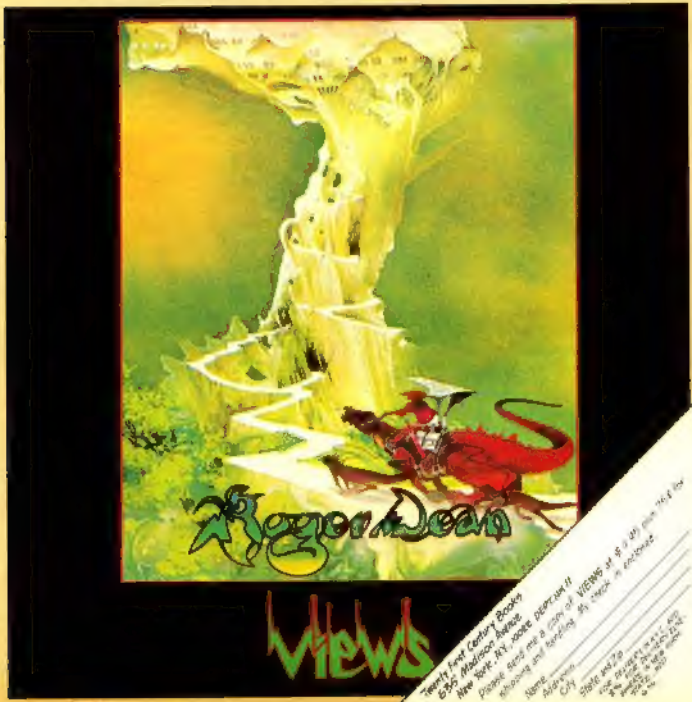
Dean

Already a runaway best seller in Europe and an underground sensation in America, VIEWS is the collected record jacket paintings (GENTLE GIANT, OSIBISA, YES), fantasy illustrations, posters, sketches, psychedelic architectural designs, dreams, and visions of England's incredibly talented young artist, ROGER DEAN. 160 oversized pages, in brilliant color.



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Please send me a copy of VIEWS at $ 12.95 plus 75¢ for shipping and handling. My check is enclosed.

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Use privately owned vehicles and public transportation.

...NONETHELESS...

In our local bookstore and yours, too, in the section where the occult self-help books were (replacing the women's liberation books, which in turn had replaced the American Indian volumes after the Black Studies tomes), we now find shelves of science fiction fantasy paperbacks, hardcovers, fanzines, oversizes, anthologies, collections, serieses, reissues, and so forth.

There is a temptation on the part of science fiction fantasy fans (who thus resemble jazz afficionados, Trotskyites, nudists, and flat earth society members) to believe our time has come—that we are no longer cranks and weirdos, but members of a *majority*: in the cultural mainstream at last!

Forget it.

We are not now, nor have we ever been, a mass movement. We are a conspiracy. Beware of conspiracies that become fads. Popularity can be fatal to the nicest of cults.

Look what happened to Christianity . . .

This issue contains the last chapter of the utterly degenerate serial, "Polonius," as well as the long-awaited conclusion to "World Apart," which is *supposed* to appear without captions or speech balloons, so do not adjust your set. This month's prose fiction is by Harlan Ellison, who modestly assured us that his name on the cover would sell an extra ten thousand copies of our mag. Our fear of becoming popular (see above) prevented our blazoning Mr. Ellison's name on the cover, but you can pretend it's there. He will.

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The Airtight Garage of Jerry C.

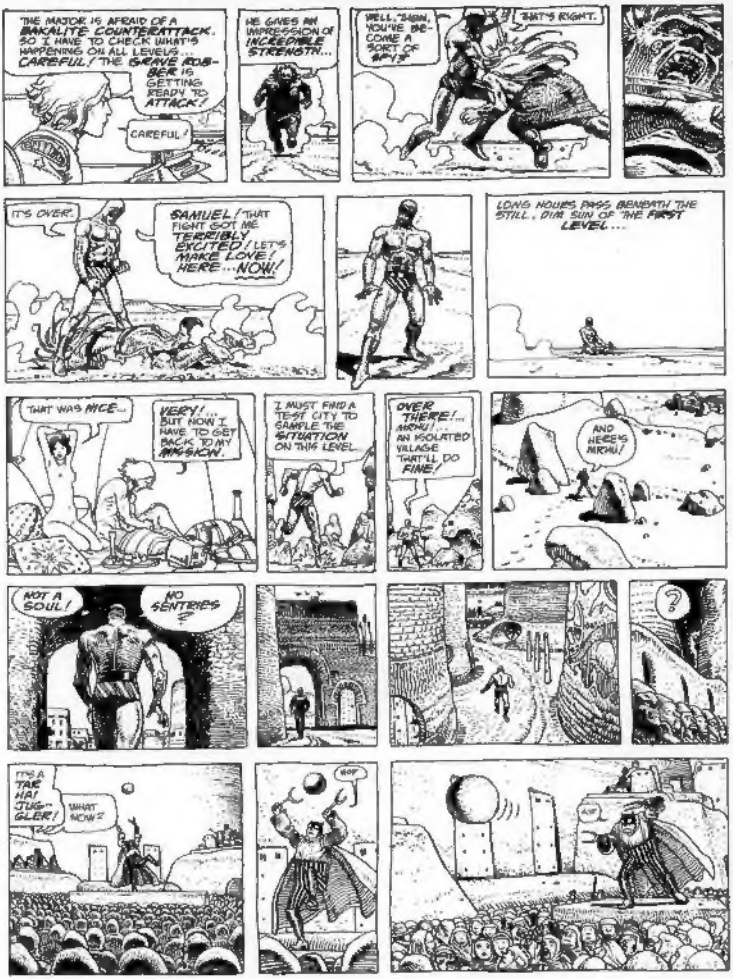
by [illegible]

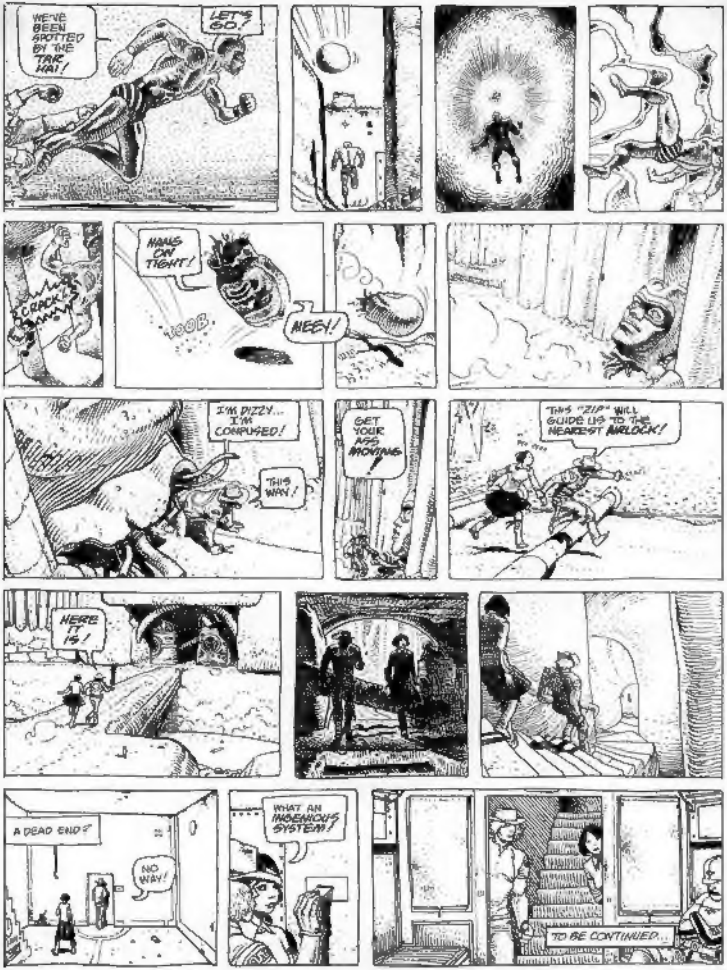
SUMMARY: MAJOR GRUBERT HAS DECIDED TO SEND A SPY DOWN TO HIS FORMER HAUNTS.

THE THIRD TRICK: STAR BILLIARD

THE SPY'S NAME IS SAMUEL I. NOMAD, AND HE IS ON BOARD "STAR BILLIARD"...
...A GIGANTIC ROBOT CONCEIVED TO BE TRANSMITTED DOWN TO THE FIRST LEVEL BY PUSHPULL WAVES.
EEK!
HEY! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
WAIT... THERE'S SOMEONE HIDING IN THE ARMORY...
COME ON OUT OR I'LL SHOOT!
YOU!
I... I FORBADE YOU TO FOLLOW ME!
SO, YOU DO THE FORBIDDING NOW?
YOU DESERVE TO BE REALLY PUNISHED!
YOU BRUTE, YOU!
AIE.
AIIIE-EE...
YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE... WITH ALL YOUR SWEET TALK... IT'S LOVE!
AH... SHUT UP!
YOU GET ME INTO A LOT OF TROUBLE!
I'M NOT HERE ON ANY PLEASURE CRUISE, BABE!
SAM, DARLING, WHEN I SAW THAT YOU WERE LEAVING THE "CRUISE," I STOWED AWAY HERE, ON BOARD THE "STAR BILLIARD" -- I LEFT THE FAMILY TO FOLLOW YOU!
WELL... HMM... AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE, NOW...
BET IT STRAIGHT: I'M ON A MISSION... A SPECIAL MISSION... WITH ORDERS RIGHT FROM THE TOP!
HEEEY... WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?
"STAR BILLIARD" MUST HAVE SEEN SOMETHING... MAYBE DANGEROUS... DON'T MOVE!
IN FACT... TAKE A LOOK OVER BESIDE THAT PYRAMID!

HE'S SO CUTE, WITH HIS LITTLE UMBRELLA!...
I DON'T TRUST IT... IT'S A GRAVE ROBBER!... LOOKS LIKE A BAD GUY. MAYBE JUST A BIT PRUNCHY...
YOU CAN'T SEE MUCH ON THE SCREEN.
COME ON, WE'LL GO UP STAIRS!
CREEAK
IMPRESSIVE, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?
WILL HE ATTACK US?
FOR SURE! HE PROBABLY BELIEVES WE'RE AFTER HIS STOCK!
HIS STOCK?
IN FACT, THESE PYRAMIDS ARE TOMBS. THE GRAVES CONTAIN HUNDREDS OF MUMMIFIED CORPSES.
YOU MEAN TO SAY....
I KNOW, IT'S HORRIBLE. BUT REMEMBER, THE MAJOR HAS A TASTE FOR THIS SORT OF DETAIL...
THAT'S TRUE.
LET'S GO.
CLIK
TELL ME, SAMUEL...
EXACTLY WHAT IS THIS "SPECIAL MISSION" OF
THE MAJOR CALLED ME IN A FEW HOURS AGO...
"HE WAS WITH MALVINA, HIS FIANCÉE."
COME HERE!
"SHE DID HER BEST TO ANNOY ME..."
HI THERE, BABY FACE!
MALVINA, THAT WILL DO!
SAMUEL T. MOHAD, MY BOY, I AM ENTRUSTING YOU WITH AN IMPORTANT MISSION. YOU WILL PROCEED DOWN, AND ASCERTAIN WHETHER ALL LEVELS HAVE INDEED FALLEN INTO ENEMY HANDS...


THE MAJOR IS AFRAID OF A BAKALITE COUNTERATTACK. SO I HAVE TO CHECK WHAT'S HAPPENING ON ALL LEVELS. CAREFUL! THE SHAVE ROBBER IS GETTING READY TO ATTACK!
CAREFUL!
WE GAVE AN IMPRESSION OF INCREDIBLE STRENGTH...
WELL, "JOHN," YOU'VE BECOME A SORT OF "AVI"?
THAT'S RIGHT.
IT'S OVER.
SAMUEL! THAT FIGHT GOT ME TERRIBLY EXCITED! LET'S MAKE LOVE! HERE... NOW!
LONG HOURS PASS BENEATH THE STILL, DIM SUN OF THE FIRST LEVEL...
THAT WAS NICE...
VERY! BUT NOW I HAVE TO GET BACK TO MY MISSION.
I MUST FIND A TEST CITY TO SAMPLE THE SITUATION ON THIS LEVEL.
OVER THERE! ARGH! AN ISOLATED VILLAGE THAT'LL DO FINE!
AND WEEDS ARGH!
NOT A SOUL!
NO SENTRIES?
?
IT'S A TAE HAI JUGGLER!
WHAT NOW?
HOP
AUF


WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED BY THE TAR MAT!
LET'S GO!
CRACK!
HANG ON TIGHT!
WOOB
WEE!
I'M DIZZY... I'M CONFUSED!
THIS WAY!
GET YOUR ASS MOVING!
THIS "ZIP" WILL GUIDE US TO THE NEAREST AIRLOCK!
HERE IT IS!
A DEAD END?
NO WAY!
WHAT AN INGENIOUS SYSTEM!
TO BE CONTINUED...

DEN
Dorx, did you find anything?
No, he must have drowned. I guess the sewer scavangers will take care of his carcass.
Damn! I thought today could sleep
Nevertheless, you and Ord will remain and search for Den's body. The Queen demands proof of flesh.
Yes sir
Look. Is that something?

Tracks. Hah, heh, heh
Draw your gun and remain mounted Ord
WHAT THE--?
AAH!
WHAMF!
CRUNCH!
The way was now clear for my return to the ruins. Though I failed to steal the Locnar, Kang apparently succeeded. Ard would release Kath my love, and let us go in peace

My new mount carried me quickly to my goal. We would soon be free. I was very happy.
Kang has it. Isn't he here? He must have been delayed. He will be here shortly with the Locnar. Won't you free Kath now?
NO NO! Kang has the Locnar. He said he would bring it back here. You must free Kath. FREE KATH NOW! I DEMAND it! Where is she?
Where is the Locnar, Den? Give it to me.
No Den. You agreed to bring me the Locnar. It seemed to be a simple enough task for a great adventurer like you. You signed an agreement. I expect you to live up to it.

She is here, but I will not free her until I have the Locnar
FIEND! You've killed her
She merely sleeps. But only I can awaken her
KATH KATH!
Kath, Kath, hah, heh, heh! All you have to do is bring me the Locnar
Oh, and one other thing Den... Kang's head.

Days passed while I searched in vain. Neverwhere is a vast domain and I saw no one I could even question.

On the third day I came to different ruins. They were inhabited by a kind of semi-humans who had built a town on the site.

I proceeded to what appeared to be an inn where I traded some small game for a meal and a place to sleep.

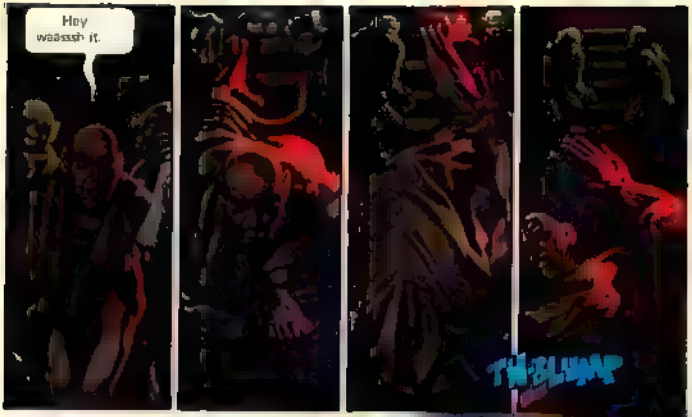
These townspeople were used to wanderers passing through, yet I had the uneasy feeling that some had seen me somewhere before. It was constantly frustrating, the Queen, her men, the rebel Gel, now these suspicious cats, they all knew me, or someone who looked like me. They were all strangers to me. This very world is totally alien to a boy from Kansas.

absently dreamed of my other home, staring blankly at the native dancer. I ignored a hooded figure watching me intently.

The dancer did some spectacular movements and then without warning, threw herself upon me. I didn't know what to do. Maybe it was part of the dance.

I finished my drink
She finished her dance
and things started to get fuzzy

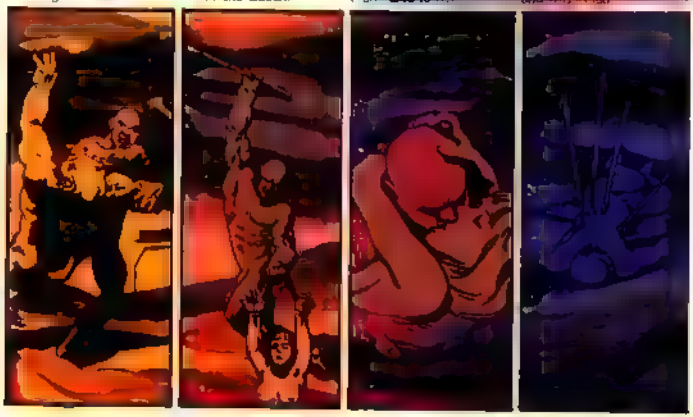
Hey you, FELLA SSHTOP SSSTARING at me ssshee!
Throw that drunk out

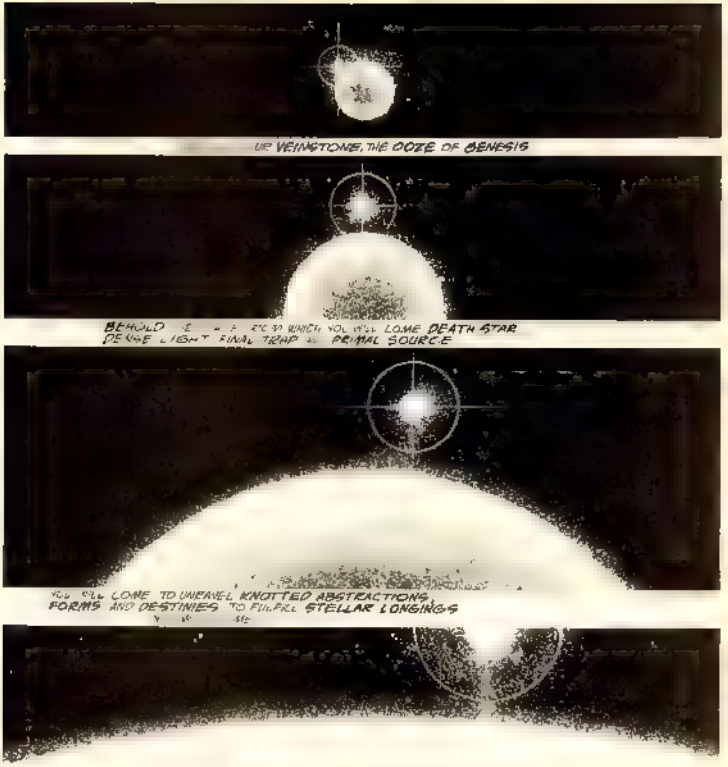


I lost consciousness for a while, then in a dream I saw my Uncle Dan from my other life. Something was happening to him. His appearance changed as he traveled into another Universe.

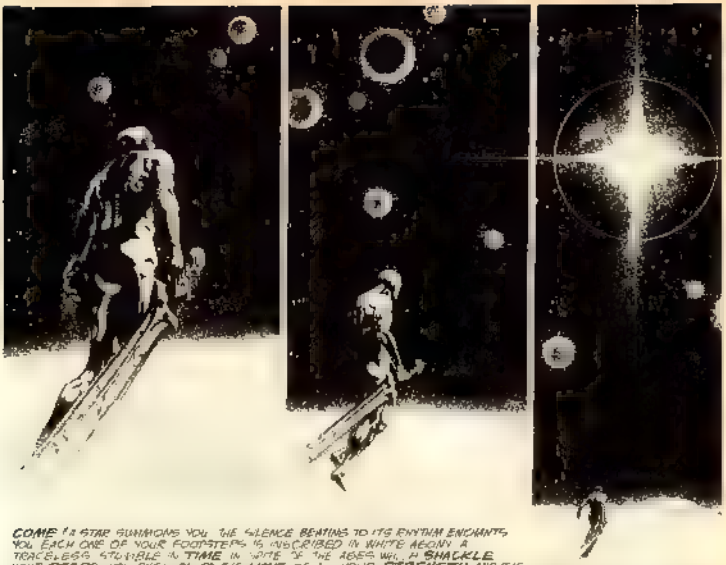
He fought Gel. . .

. . . saved the Queen.



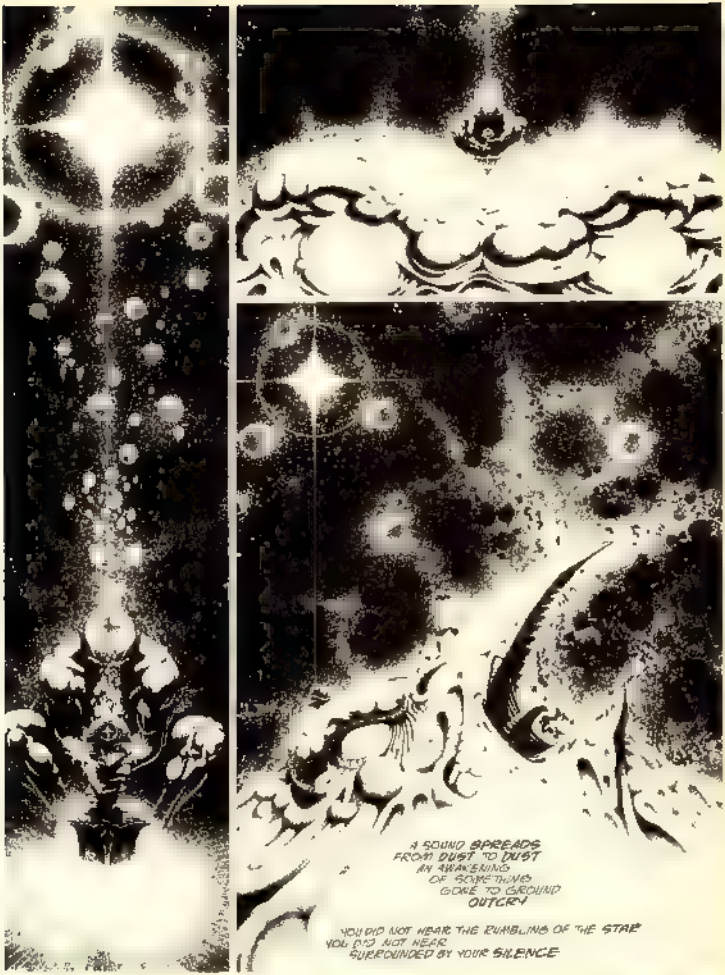

UP VEINSTONE, THE OOZE OF GENESIS
BEHOLD
DEATH STAR
DENSE LIGHT FINAL TRAP
PRIMAL SOURCE
KNOTTED ABSTRACTIONS,
FORMS AND DESTINIES
STELLAR LONGINGS

BIRD OF DUST

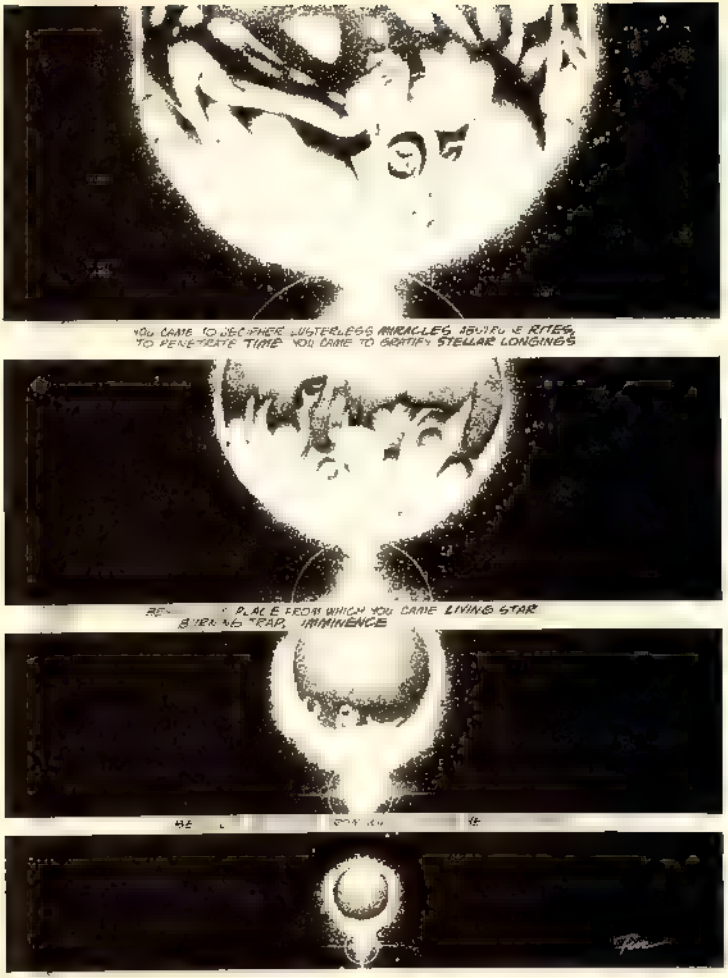


COME! A STAR SUMMONS YOU. THE SILENCE BEATING TO ITS RHYTHM ENCHANTS YOU. EACH ONE OF YOUR FOOTSTEPS IS INSCRIBED IN WHITE AGONY. A TRACELESS STRIDE IN TIME IN SPITE OF THE ASES WHO SHACKLE YOUR STEPS, YOU PUSH ON TO THE LIMIT OF ALL YOUR STRENGTH AND THE WEIGHT YOU DRAG PUSHES YOU BLINDLY TOWARD THIS ABYSS OF LIGHT

HERE AT LAST, THE END BEGINS


A SOUND SPREADS
FROM DUST TO DUST
AN AWAKENING
OF SOMETHING
GOKE TO GROUND
OUTCRY
YOU DID NOT HEAR THE RUMBLING OF THE STAR
YOU DID NOT HEAR
SURROUNDED BY YOUR SILENCE

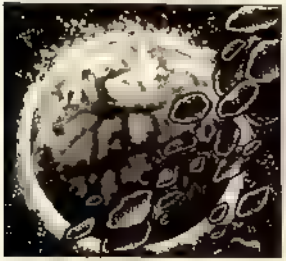
YOU HEARD NOTHING THE RITUAL PERFORMED AN
DISPOSSESSED AT LAST YOU ARE ENLIGHTENMENT
YOU HAVE OPENED THE ABYSS

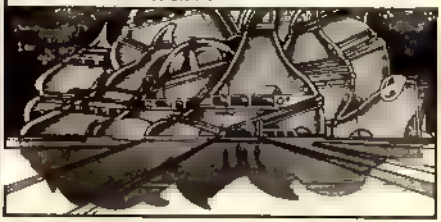

YOU CAME TO DECIPHER WATERLESS MIRACLES, HOLLOW RITES,
TO PENETRATE TIME YOU CAME TO GRATIFY STELLAR LONGINGS
PLACE FROM WHICH YOU CAME LIVING STAR
IMMINENCE

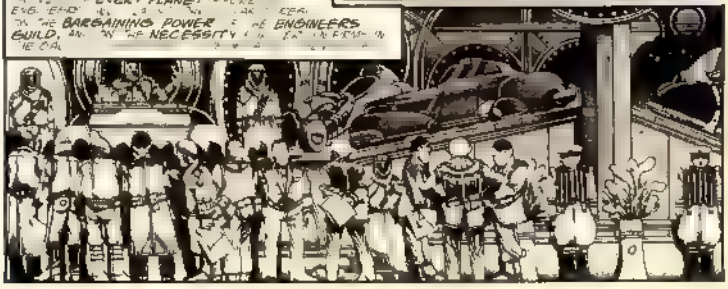
A VISIT TO JTVASKILLA TECHNEXPO

BY P. LEGUEUR

THIS IS JTVASKILLA SECOND PLANET IN THE GALACTIC UNIVERSAL CHAIN





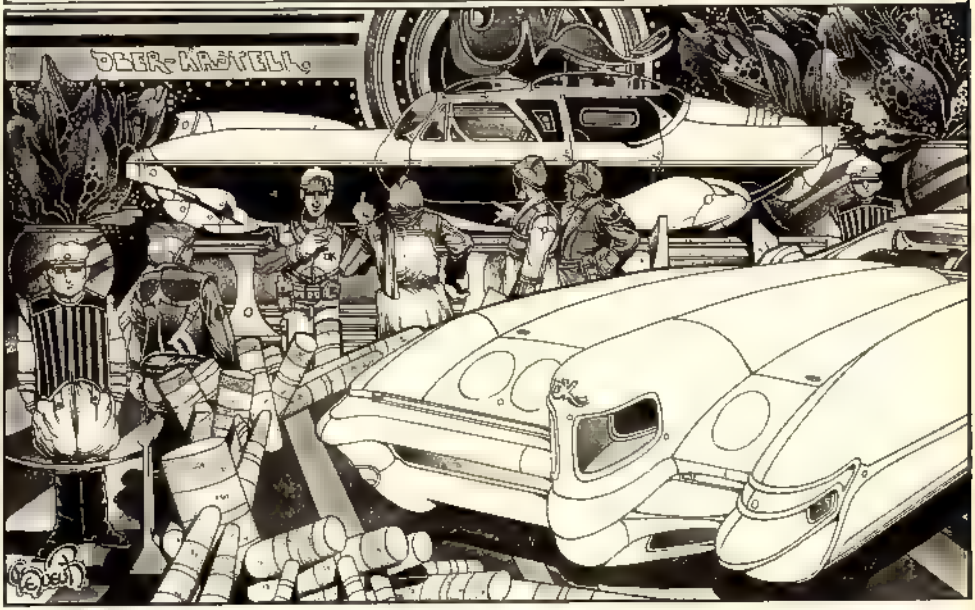


PRESIDENT GOVERNOR BLOKINE THEN PROCEEDED TO STAND IN A WHERE THE TEAM CONSIDERED TO BE THE **CHIEF ATTRACTION** IS ON EXHIBIT THE GOVERNMENT OF **JINASKILLA** HAS BUILT THROUGH THE FIRM OF **OBER-KASTELL** TWO TERRIFIC **"HEAVIES"** WHICH WILL ADORN THE **PRESIDENTIAL FLEET** IN THE **FUTURE**

CONCEIVED ESPECIALLY FOR **PARADES** AND OTHER **DIPLOMATIC EVENTS**, THEY ARE EQUIPPED WITH TWO POWERFUL **BULTACOSA** **MOTORS** COUPLED WITH AN **ELECTRIC TRANSIX VARIATOR**

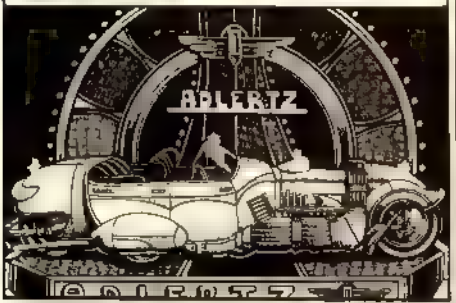
THE **PRICE** WAS NOT REVEALED, BUT IT MUST BE **PRETTY STEEP**, CONSIDERING THE CAREFUL SELECTION OF **MATERIALS** AND **COMPONENTS** USED

NOTE TO THE PRESIDENT: A RIGHT HONOURABLE PRUSSISCHBLAUN, MINISTER OF ENGINEERING TO THE LEFT IS ENGINEER HONOURED OF THE FIRM OF OBER KASTELL



FAMOUS FOR THE INVENTIONS OF HIS GRANDFATHER, ADLERTZ, WHICH SPECIALIZED IN SPORTS GLIDERS AND HAD A FINE CONVERTIBLE POWERED BY AN IMPORTED LYCOMING COMPRESSORS & WITH ITS ACOUSTICALLY 23 CYLINDER, SPELMEYER

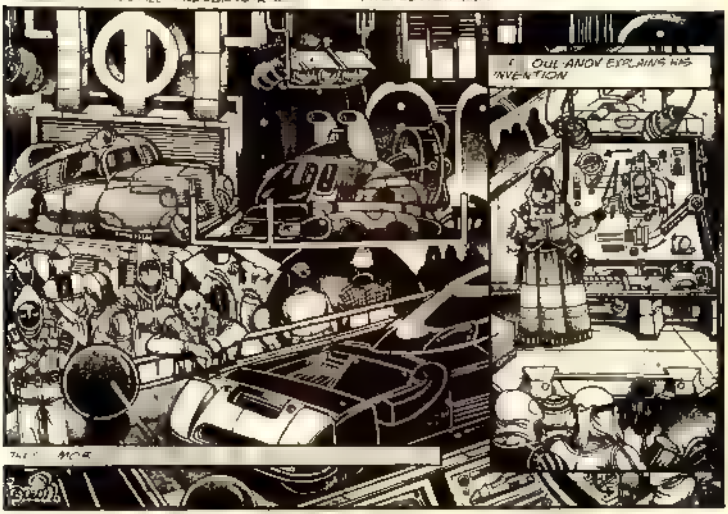
THE 150,000 H.P.



THE KING KEPT A DULMAN FROM POWERFREEZE, A PLANET RICH IN NABANAS & BITTER WICH MIGHT BECOME EXTINCT IN THE NEXT FULL RESERVOIR OF

THE MADAWAMPUR KORTBAOUI WAS DELIGHTED WITH THE ADLERTZ CONVERTIBLE, AND OFFERED FIVE OF ITS FOUR TONE PASTEL COLORS FOR HIS FAVORITE CONCUBINES.

NABANAS, WHEN NOT ROTTEN IS GAS WHICH WHEN IGNITED, CAN PROVIDE ENOUGH HEAT TO POWER A TRANSVERSAL ENERGETIC-PROPULSION UNIT

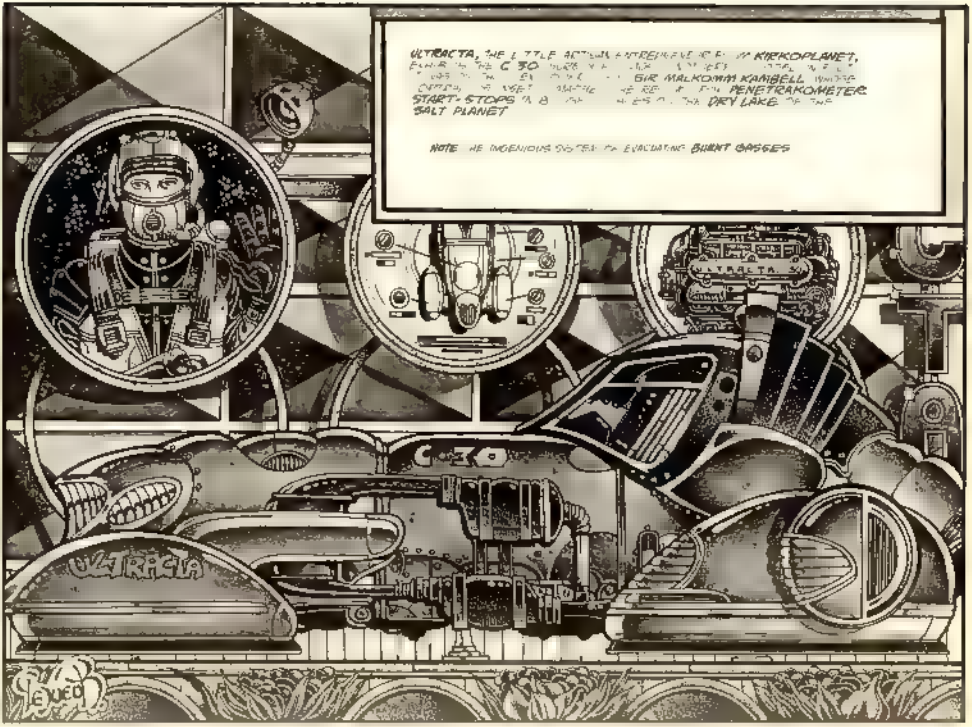


THE KING

HOTB [illegible] NOT [illegible] USED [illegible] FOR OTHER PLANETS [illegible] & BIG EXPORT [illegible] AS HERE ARE USED BY ALL [illegible] ONE ONE

THIS **WANDERMOBILE** IS A **COLLECTOR'S ITEM** THIS ONE, ALL CLEANED FOR SHOW, BRINGS 300 CREDITS ON THE OPEN MARKET. IT'S A **TUKER-SIMPLEX RANSOMMER** TUKER'S BUILT IN THE LATE 2ND MILLENNIUM AND WERE ONE OF THE FIRST MASS-PRODUCED VEHICLES TO FEATURE A FUNCTIONAL **AIRTIGHT PROPULSION** UNIT. BUILT BY TUKER'S FAMILY IN THE **KAYALLA FACTORY**

NOTE THAT THE ORIGINAL **ASSORTMENT** OF CUTE LITTLE **HABITAT BUBBLES** IS STILL PRESENT FROM THE 2ND MILLENNIUM. IN FACT, **3560 M** WITH AIR COMES FUNKING IN THE SPIRALS **3680 M**


ULTRACTA, THE LITTLE ACTION ENTREPRENEUR FROM KIRKOPLANET,
C 30
SIR MALKOVAH KAMBELL
RENETRAKOMETER
START-STOPS
DRY LAKE
SALT PLANET
NOTE THE INGENIOUS SYSTEM FOR EVACUATING BURNT GASSES
ULTRACTA

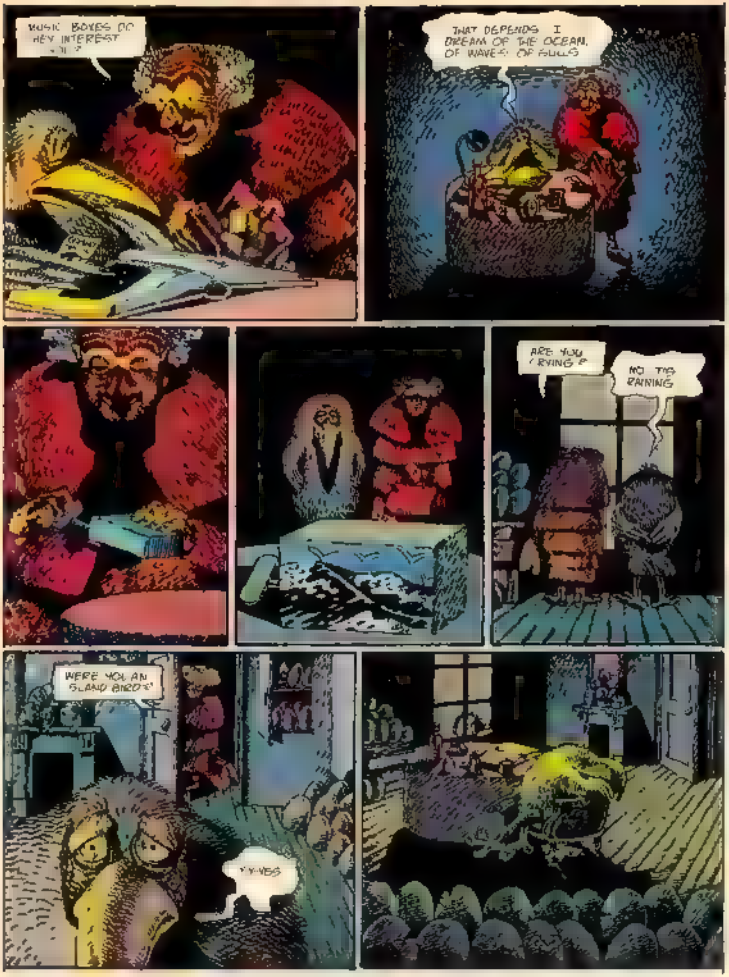
AND SO WE MUST END OUR ALL TOO SHORT VISIT WITH THE HIGH, SIT OF THE TECHNEXPO SOIRÉE, PREMIER MANUFACTURER OF THE GALACTIC UNIVERSE WITH SEVEN-NIX FACTORIES AND 784 000 EMPLOYEES WINNER OF THE **GOLD BOLT** FOR EXPORT TRADE.

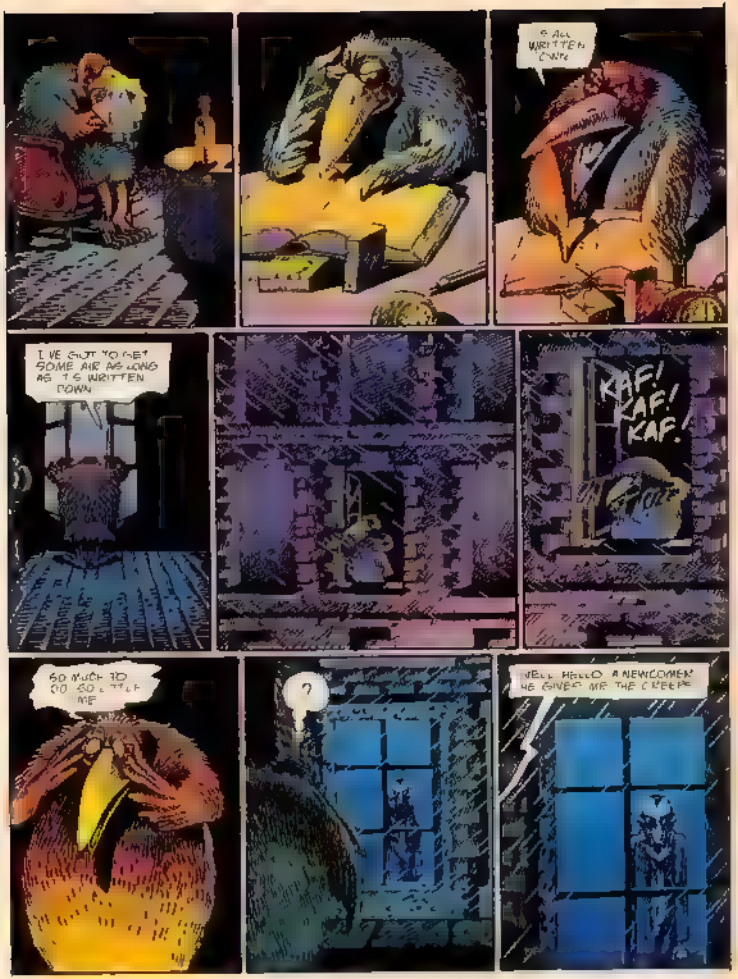
AS USUAL THERE IS NO SHORTAGE OF INVENTIONS AT SOIRÉE **CENTER** A NEWLY WOUND CONVERTIBLE A SERIES PROPELLER WITH BODY BY **FINLANDIE ZAKINNEN KORROSSON**. **CENTER RIGHT** VEHICULUS A MODEL FROM THE PREMIER SERIES REAR AL TRACTOR HARD REFRIGERATION **BOTTOM LEFT** THE ENTIRELY NEW NORMAL HABITATIVABLE

ON APRIL 26 THE SOIRÉE [illegible] THE ASSEMBLY LINE AT THE DICTRONIC FACTORY [illegible] A LONG BODY [illegible] SUMMER COUP DA'ED (FOTO COURTESY SOIRÉE MOTOR

BLUE TERROR

STORY ZHA ART NICOLE CLAVELOUX


MUSIC BOXES DO HEY INTEREST YOU?
THAT DEPENDS. I DREAM OF THE OCEAN. OF WAVES. OF GULLS
ARE YOU CRYING?
NO. THE RAINING
WERE YOU AN ISLAND BIRD?
YYYES


S ALL WRITTEN DOWN
I'VE GOTT YO GET SOME AIR AS LONG AS T'S WRITTEN DOWN
KAF! KAF! KAF!
SO MUCH TO DO SO LITTLE TIME
?
WELL HELLO A NEWCOMER! HE GIVES ME THE CREEPS

COME ON NOW
I LL RIGHT T

PARDON ME, I'M SCARED OF EVERYTHING
FORGET IT. YOU WANT TO ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS?
IS THIS A SURVEY?
YES
IT'S CLEARING UP MAYBE WE'D BE MORE COMFORTABLE ON THIS BENCH?
NO
NEVER
I ALWAYS LOVED THE DRAWN-OUT LATE SUMMER AFTERNOONS

WHAT IS THIS SURVEY FOR?
A NEW BRAND OF CANDIES
YOUR BOOK AIN'T GOOD
READABLE
IS NICE HERE
ANYWAY YOU CAN GET SOME AIR
NO HARD FEELINGS?
AHH

TUG? THINK

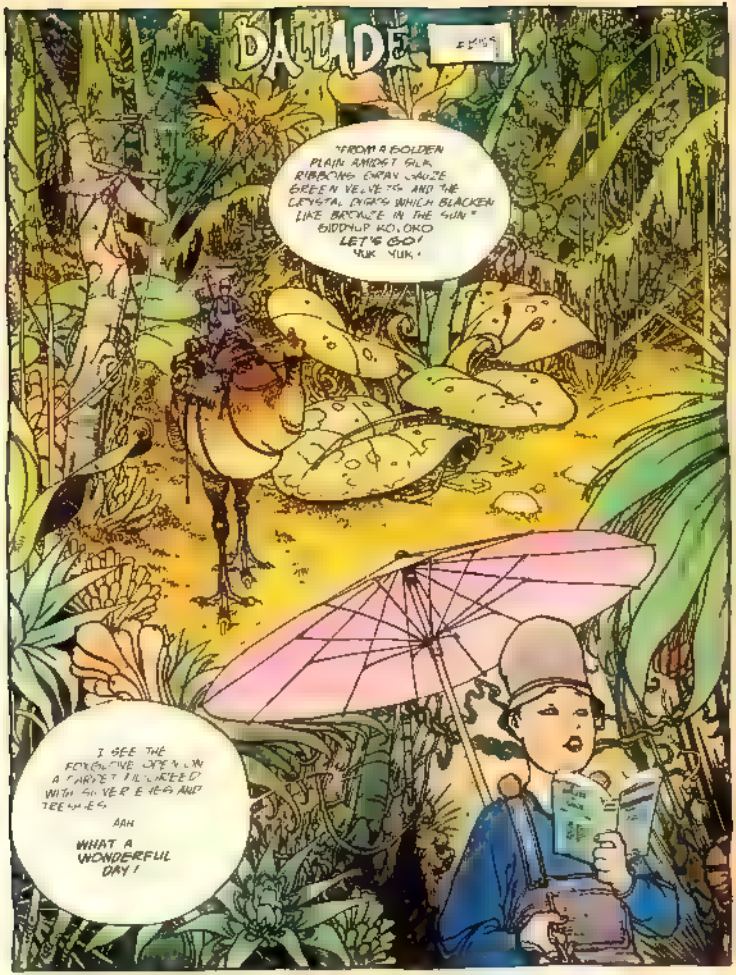
WELL, WHAT HE SAYS HERE ISN'T SO BAD FAILURE ISN'T NECESSARILY A DISEASE TRUE ENOUGH
I'M NOT ALL THAT GRIEVOUSLY BUT IT'S HARD ON I'M SO DEPRESSED! I'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE
IT'S NOT OVER YET

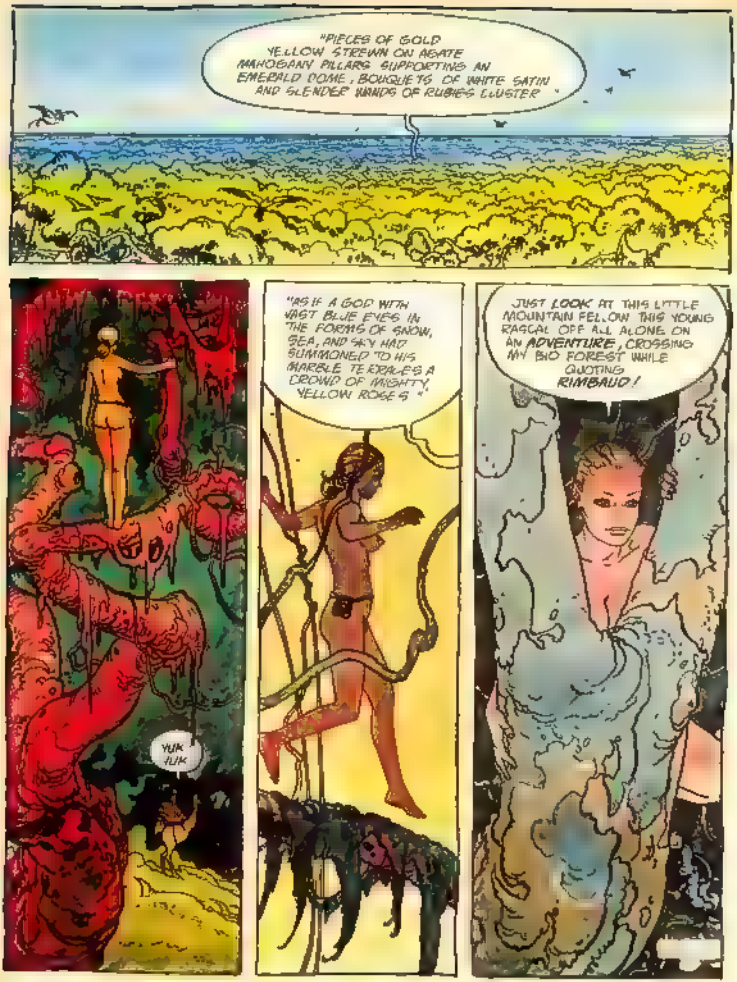
THE ADVENTURES OF LUDWIG MOLLUSC
"The Feet upon the Stomach"
RESUMÉ LUDWIG, THE HAPPY LITTLE ELF IS VACATIONING BY THE SEA
YEAH!
YEAH!
THAT VERY NIGHT LUDWIG DREAMING OF A NICE MOON-TAN WENT DOWN TO THE BEACH
AT 11 PM (CST) THE EXTRATER-RESTRIALS ARRIVED
SLO. O' WLY

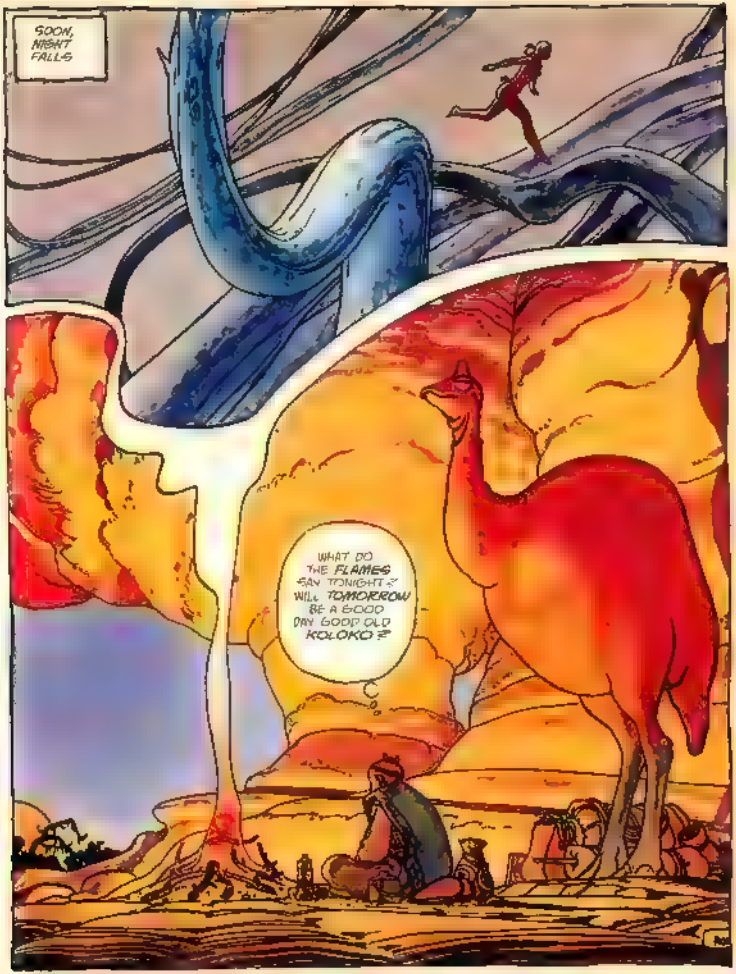
NO
WALK

NO
NO
NO

Now all you young people
come listen to me
When you take your vacation
down by the salt sea
If you wish for the gods
and the fates to be kind,
Never mind never mind,
never mind never mind
ZZZoo
NO END


BALLADE
"FROM A GOLDEN PLAIN AMIDST SILK RIBBONS CHTAN GAUZE GREEN VELVETS AND THE CRYSTAL DROPS WHICH BLACKEN LIKE BARBAZE IN THE SUN"
GIDDYUP KO-OKO
LET'S GO!
YUK YUK!
I SEE THE FORGIVING OPEN SUN A MARKET FILLED WITH SILVER FISH AND TEEMING
AAH
WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY!


"PIECES OF GOLD YELLOW STREWN ON AGATE MAHOGANY PILLARS SUPPORTING AN EMERALD DOME, BOUQUETS OF WHITE SATIN AND SLENDER WANDS OF RUBIES CLUSTER."
YUK YUK
"AS IF A GOD WITH VAST BLUE EYES IN THE FORMS OF SNOW, SEA, AND SKY HAD SUMMONED TO HIS MARBLE TERRACE A CROWD OF MIGHTY, YELLOW ROSES."
JUST LOOK AT THIS LITTLE MOUNTAIN FELLOW. THIS YOUNG RASCAL OFF ALL ALONE ON AN ADVENTURE, CROSSING MY BIO FOREST WHILE QUOTING RIMBAUD!


SOON, NIGHT FALLS
WHAT DO THE FLAMES SAY TONIGHT? WILL TOMORROW BE A GOOD DAY GOOD OLD KOLOKO?

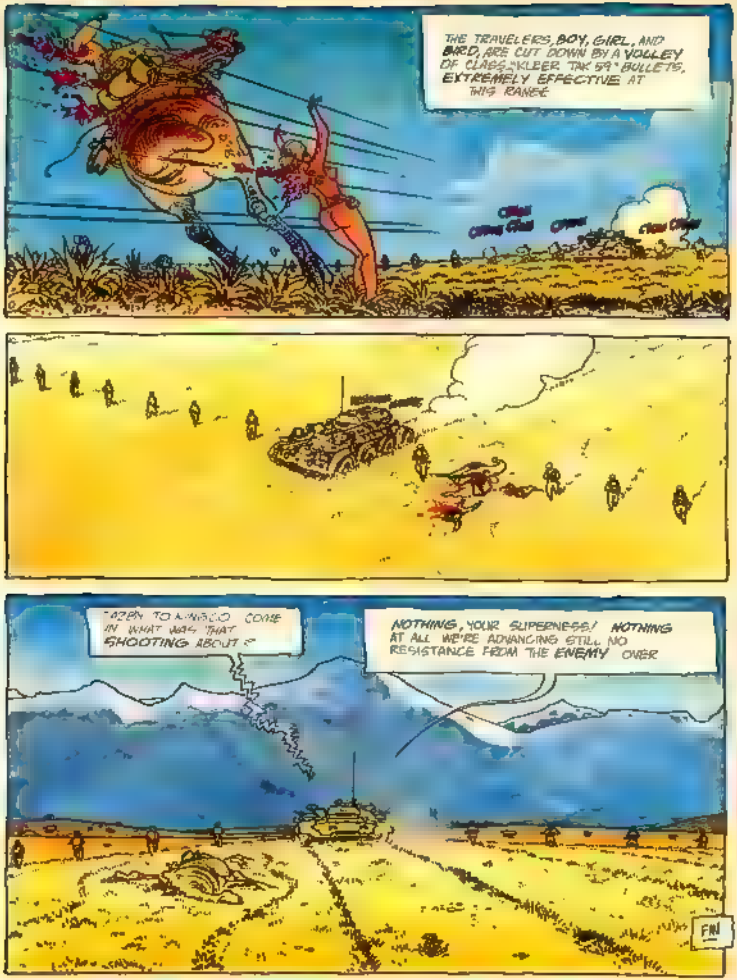
SUDDENLY A HORRIBLE PIEDSHELL SCORPION
UHUHMM! ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE STUPID MONSTERS!

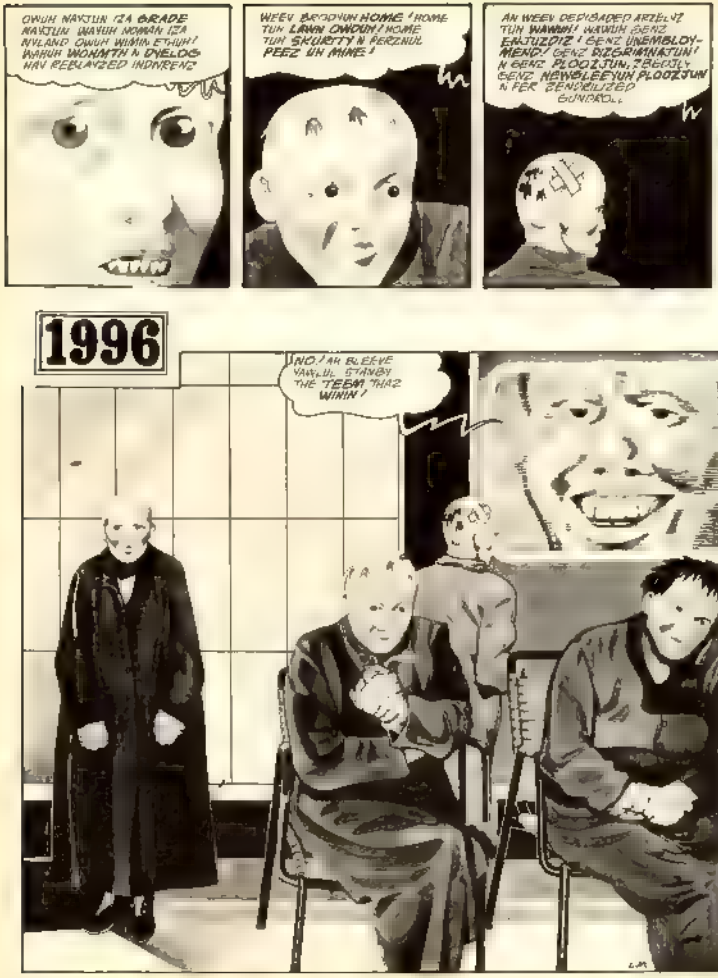
THE FAWN DANCES, TRACING IN THE AIR THE SECRET AND MAGICAL GESTURES WHICH HAVE ALWAYS FACILITIED THE PIEDSHELL
THIS GIRL IS BUT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE SHE IS EXPERT AT RUNNING ALONG MOSSY BOULDERS SHE EATS THE FRUITS WHICH GROW HERE FREELY IN PROFUSION
AND ALL WHO DWELL IN THE BIG FOREST KNOW HER LANGUAGE

GOOD EVENING, LITTLE FELLOW FROM THE HIGHLANDS. IT WAS YOUR FREE THAT ATTRACTED THE PIEDSHELL HERE. THEY HAVE THE BRAINS OF BUTTERFLIES...
AND IT'S ME THAT HE WANTED AS PLUNDER! YUK. WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO A NICE HOT CUP OF BANG, LITTLE FAWN?

DON'T LAUGH, LOONA. UP IN THE HILLS, THE WHOLE BEAR-FLY TRIBE LAUGHED AT ME JUST THAT WAY WHEN I TOLD THEM I WAS GOING AROUND THE WORLD, THROUGH THE BIG FOREST ACROSS THE SAVANNAH, TO THE OCEAN SHO
COME, LOONA!
STOP LAUGHING AND THINK OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD
I'VE HEARD OF GIANT SHIPS THAT FLOAT AND FLY. I'VE HEARD OF CITIES, LOONA, HUMAN CITIES!
YOU FELLOWS FROM THE MOUNTAINTOPS, RIDING YOUR BIG BIRDS, WITH ALL YOUR CLOTHES AND HATS AND SHOES ON YOUR FEET YOU NO LONGER KNOW WHERE GOD IS
WHY SHOULD I GO ANYWHERE WITH A HOPELESS IDIOT LIKE YOU

YOU WERE RIGHT TO COME WITH ME LOONA. LOOK HOW BEAUTIFUL THE SAVANNAH IS
IT'S OVER THERE THAT YOU FIND THE BIG HORSTRICHES LIKE KOLOKO. WE MUST CATCH ONE FOR YOU TO RIDE
I'M AFRAID IT'S TOO LATE FOR ALL YOUR PLANS, LITTLE MOUNTAIN FELLOW!
WHAT DID YOU SAY, LOONA? WHAT DO YOU SEE?
HOW WONDERFUL! HUMANS. MORE OF THEM THAN THERE ARE IN THE WHOLE BEAR FLY TRIBE AND LOOK! A MYTHICAL MACHINE!
LITTLE FELLOW. POOR LITTLE FELLOW. EACH BLADE OF GRASS IN THE FIELDS IS WHISPERING OF A VIOLENT ENDING WITH THE FEAR OF DEATH!
MOEBIUS 3


THE TRAVELERS, BOY, GIRL, AND BIRD, ARE CUT DOWN BY A VOLLEY OF CLASS-KLEER TAK 59 BULLETS, EXTREMELY EFFECTIVE AT THIS RANGE
TAZBY TO KING-CO COME IN WHAT WAS THAT SHOOTING ABOUT?
NOTHING, YOUR SUPERNESS! NOTHING AT ALL WE'RE ADVANCING STILL NO RESISTANCE FROM THE ENEMY OVER
FIN


OWUH NAYJUN IZA GRADE NAYJUN WAWUH NOMÄN IZA NVLAND OWUH WIMIN ETHUH! WAHUH WOMÄTH N DNELOG HAV REBLAYZED INDWEENZ
WEEV BRODYUN HOME! HOME TUN LAWN OWOUN! HOME TUN SKWIRTY N BRZNUL PEEZ UH MAHE!
AN WEEV DEPLOADED ARTIELYZ TUN WAWUH! WAWUH GENZ ERJUZDIZ! GENZ UNEMBLOY-MENT! GENZ DISCRIMINATJUN! N GENZ PLOOZJUN, CREDIT, GENZ, NEWBLEEYUN PLOOZJUN N FER BENDILIZED GUNDROL.
1996
NO! AH BLEEVE YAHLL STAYDY THE TEBAH THAZ WIHIN!

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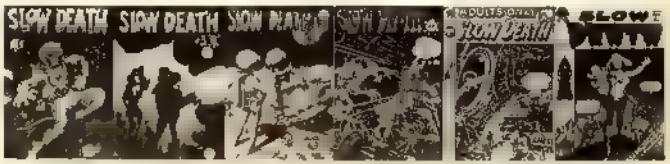

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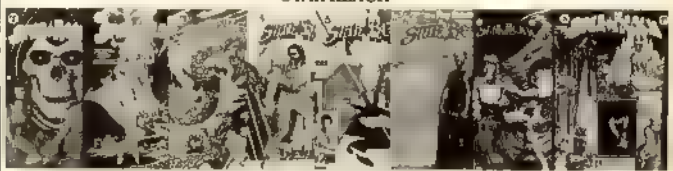

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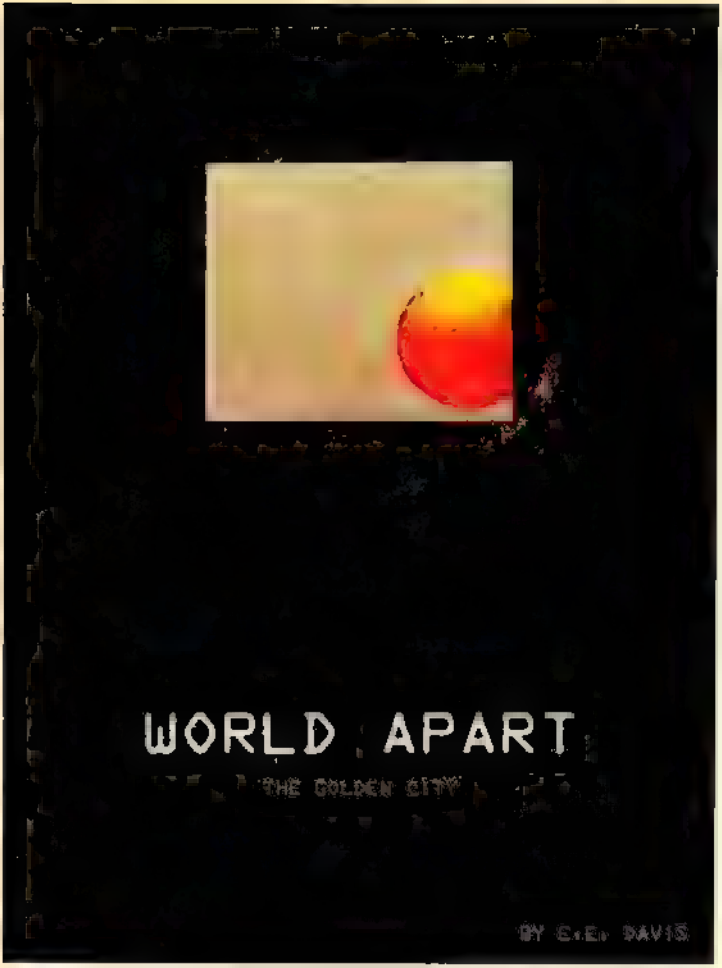
WORLD APART
THE GOLDEN CITY
BY E.E. DAVIS

THE END

Barber

How's the Night Life on Cissalda?

By Harlan Ellison

When they unscrewed the time capsule, preparatory to helping temponaut Enoch Mirren disembark, they found him doing a disgusting thing with a disgusting thing.

Every head turned away. The word that sprang to mind first was, "*Feh!*"

They wouldn't tell Enoch Mirren's wife he was back. They evaded the question when Enoch Mirren's mother demanded to know the state of her son's health after his having taken the very first journey into another time/universe. The new President was given dissembling answers. No one bothered to call San Clemente. The Chiefs of Staff were kept in the dark. Inquiries from the CIA and the FBI were met with responses in pig Latin, and the bureaus were subtly diverted into investigating each other. Walter Cronkite found out, but after all, there are even limits to how tight security can get.

Their gorges buoyant, every one of them, the rescue crew and the medical team and the chrono-experts at TimeSep Central did their best, but found it impossible to pry temponaut Enoch Mirren's penis from the (presumably) warm confines of the disgusting thing's (presumed) sexual orifice.

A cadre of alien morphologists was assigned to make an evaluation: to decide if the disgusting thing was male or female. After a sleepless week they gave up. The head of the group made a good case for his team's failure. "It'd be a damned sight easier to decide if we could get that clown out of her . . . him . . . it . . . that thing!"

Illustration by Tom Barber

They tried cajoling, they tried threatening, they tried rational argument, they tried inductive logic, they tried deductive logic, they tried salary incentives, they tried profit sharing, they tried tickling his nubilities, they tried tickling his feet, they tried punching him, they tried shocking him, they tried arresting him, they tried crowbars, they tried hosing him down with cold water, then hot water, then tepid water, they tried suction devices, they tried sensory deprivation, they tried doping him into unconsciousness. They tried shackling him to a team of Percherons pulling north and the disgusting thing to a team of Clydesdales pulling south. They gave up after three and a half weeks.

The word somehow leaked out that the capsule had come back from one or verse Earth; and the Russians rattled swords—suggesting that the decadent American filth had brough back a decimating plague that was even now oozing toward Minsk. (TimeSep Central quarantined anyone even remotely privy to the truth.) The OPEC nations announced that the Americans, in league with Zionist technocrats, had found a way to siphon off crude oil from the time/universe next to our own, and promptly raised the price of gasoline another two dollars a barrel. (TimeSep Central moved Enoch M rren and he disgusting thing to its supersecret bunker headquarters sunk beneath the Painted Desert.) The Pen agon demanded the resu s of the debriefing and threatened to cut throats; Congress demanded the results and threatened to cut appropriations. (TimeSep Central bit the bullet—they had no other choice, there had been no debriefing—and they stonewalled: *we cannot relay the requested data at this time*.)

Temponaut Enoch Mirren continued coitusing.

The expert from Johns Hopkins, a tall, gray gentleman who wore three-piece suits, and whose security clearance was so stratospherically high the President called *him* on the red phone, sequestered himself with the temponaut and the disgusting thing for three days. When he emerged, he called in the TimeSep Central officials and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, quite simply put Enoch M rren has brought back from Earth; the most perfect fuck in the universe."

After they had revived one of the women and four of the men, the expert from Johns Hopkins, a serious, pale gentleman who wore wing-tip shoes, continued. "As best I can ex mate this creature—clearly an alien life-form from some other planet in that alternate time/universe—has an erotic capacity that, once engaged, cannot be neutralized. Once having begun to enjoy its, uh, favors . . . a man either cannot or *will not* stop having relations."

But that's impossible!" said one of the women. "Men simply cannot hold an erection that long." She looked around at several of her male compatriots with disdain.

Apparently, the thing secretes some sort of stimulant, a jelly perhaps, that mengorges the male member," said the expert from Johns Hopkins.

"But is it male or female?" asked one of the men, an administrative assistant who had let it slip in one of their regular encounter sessions that he was concerned about his own sexual preferences.

It's both, and neither," said the expert from Johns Hopkins. "It seems equipped to handle anything up to and including chickens or kangaroos with double vaginas." He smiled a thin, controlled smile, saying, "You folks have a problem," and then he presented them w ith a staggering bil for his services. Then he departed, w i smiling.

They were little better off than they had been before

But the women seemed interested.

Two months later, having fed temponaut Enoch Mirren intravenously when they noticed that his weight had been dropping alarmingly, they found an answer to the problem of separating the man and the sex object. By setting up a random sequence sound wave system, pole to pole, with Mirren and his paramour between, they were able to disrupt the flow of energy in the disgusting thing's metabolism. Mirren opened his eyes, blinked several times, murmured, "Oh, that was *good!*" and they pried him loose.

The disgusting thing instantly rolled into a ball and went to sleep.

They immediately hustled Enoch Mirren into an elevator and dropped with him to the deepest, most tightly secured level of the supersecret underground TimeSep Central complex, where a debriefing chamber was waited o claim him. It was 10'x10'x20', heavily padded in black Naugahyde, and was honeycombed with sensors and microphones. No sights.

They put him in the cell, let him stew for twelve hours, then fed him, and began the debriefing.

"Mirren, what the hell *is* that disgusting thing?"

The voice came from the ceiling. In the darkness Enoch Mirren belched, ighs from the quesadilla of red snapper they had served him, and scooted around on the floor where he was sitting, trying to locate the source of the annoyed voice.

"It's a terrific little person from Cissalda," he said.

"Cissalda?" Another voice; a woman's voice.

"A planet in another star system of that other time/universe," he replied politely. "They call it Cissalda."

"It can talk?" A third voice, more studious.

"Telepathically. Mind-to-mind. When we re making love."

"All right, knock it off, Mirren," the first voice said.

Enoch Mirren sat in darkness, smiling.

"Then there's life in that other universe, apart from that disgusting thing, is that right?" The third voice.

Oh, sure," Enoch Mirren said, playing with his toes. He had discovered he was naked.

How's the night life on Cissalda?" asked the woman's voice, not really seriously.

"Well, there's not much activity during the week," he answered, "but Saturday nights are dynamite, I'm told.

"I said *knock it off*, Mirren!

"Yes, sir.

The third voice, as if reading from a list of prepared questions, asked, "Describe time/universe Earth, as fully as you can, will you do that, please?"

"I didn't see that much, to be perfectly frank with you, but it's really nice over there. It's warm and very bright, even when the frenzel smelches. Every polnek there's a vit when the cosmish isn't drendeling. But *I* found

"*Hold it, Mirren!*" the first voice screamed.

There was a gentle click, as if the speakers were cut off while the interrogation team talked things over. Enoch scooted around till he found the soft wall, and sat up against it, whistling happily. He whistled "You and the Night and the Music," segueing smoothly into "Some Day My Prince Will Come." There was another gentle click and one of the voices returned. It was the angry voice that spoke first, the impatient one who was clearly unhappy with the tempo-

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"How's the Night Life on Cissalda?" copyright © 1977, Harlan Ellison. Reprinted from Chrysalis, a new science fiction anthology edited by Roy Torgeson. Featuring original stories by Theodore Sturgeon, Richard Lupoff, and other notables (Zebra Books, Kensington Publishing Corp.)

naut. His tone was soothing, cajoling, as if he were the Recreation Director of the Outpatient Clinic of the Menninger Foundation.

"Enoch . . may I call you Enoch? . ." Enoch murmured it was lovely to be called Enoch, and the first voice went on. "We re, uh, having a bit of difficulty understanding you."

"How so?"

"Well, we're taping this conversation . . uh, you don't *mind* if we tape this, do you, Enoch?"

"Huh-uh."

"Yes, well. We find, on the tape, the following words *frenzel, smeichez, noineg* "

"That's *noineg*," Enoch Mirren said. "A *noineg* is quite another matter. In fact, if you were to refer to a noineg as a noineg, one of the diffs would certainly get highly upset and level a renag

"*Hold it!*" The hysterical tone was creeping back into the interrogator's voice. "Noineg, noineg, what does it matter—"

"Oh, it matters a lot. See, as I was saying—"

"—it doesn't matter at *all*, Mirren, you asshole! We can't understand a word you're saying!"

The woman's voice interrupted. "Lay back, Bert. Let me talk to him." Bert mumbled something vaguely obscene under his breath. If there was anything Enoch hated, it was vagueness.

"Enoch," said the woman's voice, "this is Dr. Arpin. Inez Arpin? Remember me? I was on your training team before you left?"

Enoch thought about it. "Were you the black lady with the glasses and the ink blots?"

"No. I'm the white lady with the rubber gloves and the rectal thermometer."

"Oh, sure, of course. You have very trim ankles."

"Thank you."

Bert's voice exploded through the speaker. "*Jeezus Kreerice*. Inez!"

"Enoch," Dr. Arpin continued, ignoring Bert, "are you speaking in tongues?"

Enoch Mirren was silent for a moment, then said, "Gee. I'm awfully sorry. I guess I've been linked up with the Cissaldan so long, I've absorbed a lot of how it thinks and speaks. I'm really sorry. I'll try to translate."

The studious voice spoke again. "How did you meet the, uh, Cissaldan?"

"Just appeared. I didn't call it or anything. Didn't even see it arrive. One minute it wasn't there, and the next it was.

Dr. Arpin spoke. "But how did it get from its own planet to Earth,? Some kind of spaceship, perhaps?"

"No, it just . . came. It can move by so . . It told me it felt my presence and just simply hopped across all the way from its home in that other star system. I think it was true love that brought it. Isn't that nice?"

All three voices tried speaking at once.

"Teleportation!" Dr. Arpin said, wonderingly.

"Mind-to-mind contact, telepathy, across unfathomable light-years of space," the studious voice said, awesomely.

And what does it want, Mirren?" Bert demanded, forgetting the conciliatory tone. His voice was the loudest.

"Just to make love; it's really a terrific little person."

"So you just hopped in the sack with that disgusting thing, is that right? Didn't even give a thought to decent morals or contamination or your responsibility to us, or the mission, or anything? Just jumped right into the hay with that pukeable pervert?"

"It seemed like a good idea at the time," Enoch said.

"Well, it was a *lousy* idea, whaddaya think about *that*, Mirren? And there'll be repercussions, you can bet on that, too: repercussions. Investigations! Responsibility must be placed!" Bert was shouting again. Dr. Arpin was trying to calm him.

At that moment, Enoch heard an alarm go off somewhere. It came through the speakers in the ceiling quite clearly, and in a moment the speakers were cut off. But in that moment the sound filled the interrogation cell, its ululations signaling dire emergency. Enoch sat in silence. In darkness, naked, humming, waiting for the voices to return. He hoped he'd be allowed to get back to his Cissaldan pretty soon.

But they never came back. Not ever.

The alarm had rung because the disgusting thing had vanished. The alien morphologists who had been monitoring it through the one-way glass of the control booth fronting on the examination stage that formed the escape-proof study chamber had been turned away only a few seconds, accepting mugs of steaming stimulant-laced coffee from a Tech 3. When they turned back, the examination stage was empty. The disgusting thing was gone.

People began running around in ever-decreasing circles. Some of them disappeared into holes in the walls and made like they weren't there.

Three hours later they found the disgusting thing.

It was making love with Dr. Marilyn Hornbeck in a broom closet.

TimeSep Central, deep underground, was the primary locus of visitation, because it had taken the Cissaldan a little while to acclimate itself. But even as Bert, Dr. Inez Arpin, the studious type whose name does not matter, and all the others who came under the classification of chrono-experts were trying to unscramble their brains at the bizarre progression of events in TimeSep Central, matters were already out of their hands.

Cissaldans began appearing everywhere.

As though summoned by some silent song of space and time—which, in fact, was the case—disgusting things began popping into existence all over Earth. Like kernels of corn suddenly erupting into blossoms of popcorn, one moment there would be nothing—or a great deal of what passed for nothing—and the next moment a Cissaldan was there. Invariably, right beside a human being. And, in the next moment, the invariable human being would get this *good* idea that it might be nice to, uh, er, that is, well, sorta *do it* with this creature.

Saffron-robed monks entering the mountain fastness of the Dalai Lama found that venerable font of cosmic wisdom busily *shtupping* a disgusting thing. A beatific smile creased his wizened countenance.

An international conference of Violently Inclined Filmmakers at the Bel Air Hotel in Beverly Hills was interrupted when it was noticed that Roman Polanski was under a table making violent love to a thing no one wanted to look at. Sam Peckinpah rushed over to abuse it. That went on, till Peckinpah's disgusting thing materialized and the director fell upon it, moaning.

In the middle of their telecasts, Carmelita Pope, Dinah Shore, and Merv Griffin looked away from the cyclopean red eye of the live cameras, spotted disgusting things, exposed themselves, and went to it, thereby upping their flagging ratings considerably.

His Glorious Majesty, the Right Honorable President, General Idi Amin Dada, while selecting material for his

new cowboy suit (crushed velvet had his temporary nod as being in just the right vein of quiet good taste) when he dressed a materialization right beside his adenoid-shaped swimming pool and fell on his back. The disgusting thing hopped on No one paid any attention

Truman Capote, popping Quaaludes like M&Ms, rolled himself into a puffy little ball as his Cissaldan mounted him. The level of dope in his system, however, was so high that the disgusting thing went mad and strained itself straight up the urethra and hid itself against his prostate. Capote's voice instantly dropped three octaves

Maidservants to Queen Elizabeth, knocking frantically on the door to her bedchamber, were greeted with silence. Guards instantly forced the door. They turned their heads away from the disgusting sight that greeted them. There was nothing regal, nothing imperial, nothing even remotely majestic about what was taking place there on the floor.

When Salvador Dali entered his Cissaldan, his waxed mustaches drooped alarmingly, like molten pocket watches.

Anita Bryant, locked in her bassinet pink bathroom with her favorite vibrator, found herself suddenly assaulted by a disgusting thing. She fought it off and a second appeared. Then a third. Then a platoon. In moments the sounds of her outraged shrieks could be heard throughout that entire zone, degenerating quickly into a bubbling, citrahelic gurgle. It was the big bang theory acted out.

Cissaldans appeared to 1400 assembly line workers in the automobile plant at Toyota City, just outside Yokohama. While the horny-handed sons and daughters of toil were busily getting it on, hundreds of half-assembled car bodies crashed and thundered into an untidy pile forty feet high.

Masters and Johnson had it off with the same one.

Billy Graham was discovered by his wife and members of his congregation having congress with a disgusting thing in a dust bin. He was 'knowing' it however in the Biblical sense, murmuring, "I found it."

Three fugitive *Reichsmarschalls*, posing as Bolivian sugar cane workers while they plotted the renascence of the Third Reich, were confronted by suddenly materialized Cissaldans in a field near Cochabamba. Though the disgusting things looked disgustingly kosher the unrepentant Nazis hurled themselves onto the creatures, visualizing pork-fat sandwiches.

William Shatner, because of his deep and profound experience with Third World Aliens, attempted to communicate with the disgusting thing that popped into existence in his dressing room. He began delivering a captain-like lecture on coexistence and the Cissaldan bored—vanished, to find a more suitable mate. A few minutes later a less discerning Cissaldan appeared, and Shatner, now overcome with this *good* idea, fell on it, dislodging his hairpiece.

Evel Knievel took a running jump at a disgusting thing, overshot, hit the wall, and semiconscious, dragged himself back to the waiting aperture.

There in that other time universe the terrific little persons of Cissauda had spent an eternity making love to one another. But their capacity for passion was enormous, beyond calculation, intense and never-waning. It could be called *formigalactic*. They had waited millennia for some other race to make itself known to them. But life springs into being only rarely, and their eons were spent in familiar sex with their own kind, and in loneliness. A loneliness monumental to conceive. When Enoch Mirren had come through the fabric of time and space to Earth, they had sent the most adept of their race to check him out. And the Cissaldan looked upon Enoch Mirren and found him to be *good*.

And so, like a reconnaissance ant sent out from the hill to scout the territory of a sugar cookie, that most talented of disgusting things sent back telepathic word to its kind. *We've got a live one here.*

Now, in mere moments, the flood of teleporting Cissaldans overflowed the Earth: one for every man, woman, and child on the planet. Also leftovers for chickens and kangaroos with double vaginas.

The four top members of the Presidium of the Central Committee of the Supreme Soviet of the Communist Party (CPSU) of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—Brezhnev, Kosygin, Podgorny, and Gromyko—deserted the four hefty ladies who had come as Peoples' Representatives to the National Tractor Operators' Conference from the Ukraine, and began having wild—but socialistic—inter course with the disgusting things that materialized on her conference table. The four hefty ladies did not care: four Cissaldans had popped into existence for *their* pleasure. It was better than being astride a tractor. Or Brezhnev, Kosygin, Podgorny, and Gromyko.

All over the world, Mort Sahl and Samuel Beckett and Fidel Castro and H. R. Haldeman and Ti-Grace Atkinson and Lord Snowdon and Jonas Salk and Jorge Luis Borges and Golda Meir and Earl Butts linked up with disgusting things and said no more. A stately and pleasant hush fell across the planet. Barbra Streisand hit the highest note of her career as she was penetrated. Philip Roth had guilt, but did it anyhow. Stevie Wonder fumbled, but got in finally. It was good.

All over the planet Earth it was quiet and it was *good*.

One week later, having established without room for discourse that Cissaldan sex was neither edible nor appetizing, Enoch Mirren decided he was being brutalized. He had not been fed, been spoken to, been permitted the use of lavatory facilities, or in even the smallest way been noticed since the moment he had heard the alarm go off and the speakers had been silenced. His interrogation cell smelled awful, he had lost considerable weight, he had a dreadful ringing in his ears from the silence and, to make matters terminal, the air was getting thin. "Okay, no more Mister Nice Guy," he said to the silence, and proceeded to effect his escape.

Clearly, easy egress from a 10'x10'x20' padded cell sunk half a mile down in the most top-secret installation in America was not possible. If there was a door to the cell, it was so cleverly concealed that hours of careful fingertip examination could not reveal it. There were speaker grilles in the ceiling of the cell, but that was a full twenty feet above him. He was tall, and thin—a lot thinner now—but even if he jumped, it was still a good ten feet out of reach.

He thought about his problem and wryly recalled a short story he had read in an adventure magazine many years before. It had been a cheap pulp magazine filled with stories hastily written for scandalously penurious rates, and the craftsmanship had been employed accordingly. In the story that now came to Enoch's mind, the first instalment of the serial had ended with the mightily-thewed hero trapped at the bottom of a very deep pit littered with poison-tipped stakes, as a horde of coral snakes slithered toward him, brackish water was pumped into the pit and rising rapidly, his left arm was broken, he was without weapon, and a man-eating Sumatran black panther peered over the

lip of the pit, watching him closely. Enoch remembered wondering—with supreme confidence in the writer's talents and ingenuity—how he would rescue his hero. The month-long wait till the next issue was on the newsstand was the longest month of Enoch's life. On the day of its release, he had pedaled down to the newsstand on his Schwinn and snagged the first copy of the adventure magazine from the bundle almost before the dealer had snipped the binding wire. He had dashed outside, thrown himself down on the curb, and riffled through the magazine till he found the second installment of the cliff-hanging serial. How would the writer, this master of suspense and derring-do, save the beleaguered hero?

Part two began.

"With one mighty leap, Vance Lionmane freed himself from the pit, overcoming the panther and rushing forward to save the lovely Ariadne from the aborigines.

Later, comma, after he had escaped from the interrogation cell. Enoch Mirren was to remember that moment, thinking again as he had when but a child what a rotten lousy cheat that writer had been.

There were no Cissaldans left over. Everywhere Enoch went he found the terrific little persons shacked up with old men, young women, pre- and post-pubescent children, ducks, porpoises, wildebeests, dogs, arctic terns, llamas, young men, old women and, of course, chickens and kangaroos with double vaginas. But no lovemate for Enoch Mirren.

It became clear after several weeks of wandering, waiting for a materialization in his immediate vicinity, that the officials at TimeSep Central had dealt with him more severely than they could have known.

They had broken the rhythm. They had pulled him out of that disgusting thing, and now, because the Cissaldans were telepathically linked and were *all* privy to the knowledge, no Cissaldan would have anything to do with him.

The disgusting things handled rejection very badly.

Enoch Mirren sat on a high cliff a few miles south of Carmel, California. The Peterbilt he had driven across the country in futile search of another human being who was not making love to a Cissaldan was parked on the shoulder of Route 1, the Pacific Coast Highway, above him. He sat on the cliff with his legs dangling over the Pacific Ocean. The guidebook beside him said the waters should be filled with seals at play, with sea otters wrapped in kelp while they floated on their backs cracking clams against their bellies, with whales migrating, because this was January and time for the great creatures to commence their journey. But it was cold, and the wind tore at him, and the sea was empty. Somewhere, elsewhere, no doubt, the seals and the cunning sea otters and the majestic whales were locked in passionate embrace with disgusting things from another time/universe.

Loneliness had driven him to thinking of those terrific little persons as disgusting things. Love and hate are merely obverse faces of the same devalued coin. Aristotle said that. Or Pythagoras. One of that crowd.

The first to know true love, he was the last to know total loneliness. He wasn't the last human on Earth, but a lot of good it did him. Everybody was busy, and he was alone. And long after they had all died of starvation, he would still be here, unless he decided some time in the ugly future to drive the Peterbilt off a cliff somewhere.

But not just yet. Not just now.

He pulled the notebook and pen from his parka pocket, and finished writing the story of what had happened. It was not a long story, and he had written it as an open letter addressing it to whatever race or species inherited the Earth long after the Cissaldans had wearied of banging corpses and had returned to their own time universe to wait for new lovers. He suspected that without a reconnaissance unit to lead them here, to establish a telepathic-teleportational link, they would not be able to get back here once they had left.

He only hoped it would not be the cockroaches who rose up through the evolutionary muck to take over the cute little Earth, but he had a feeling that was to be the case. In all his travels across the land, the only creatures that could not get a Cissaldan to make love to them were the cockroaches. Apparently, even disgusting things had a nausea threshold. Unchecked, the cockroaches were already swarming across the world.

He finished the story, stuffed it in an empty Perrier water bottle, capped it securely with a stopper and wax, and flung it by its neck as far out as he could into the ocean.

He watched it float in and out with the tide for a while, until a current caught it and took it away. Then he rose, wiped off his hands, and strode back up the slope to the eighteen-wheeler. He was smiling sadly. It had just occurred to him that his only consolation in bearing the knowledge that he had destroyed the human race was that for a little while, in the eyes of the best fuck in the universe, *he* had been the best fuck in the universe.

There wasn't a cockroach in the world who could claim the same.

CHAIN MAIL

Gentlebeings

Have been reading *Heavy Metal* with delight & thought I'd let you know. A friend turned me on to *Metal Hurlant* a year or two ago. & I was pleased to see it materialize as an American game, & am pleased to see the way you've been doing it.

Best,
Robert Silverberg
Oakland, Calif.

My God, a card from the Robert Silverberg, editor of the new anthology Galactic Dreamers: Science Fiction as Visionary Literature.—*Eds.*

Dear Sirs

I want to tell you it is very important to send me your interesting review much better packed, because I have the suspicion that people of the Mexican Post Office see it, and they *rob it*. Please, enclose the *review inside a good and great envelope* and so any danger is out.

Gilberto Montiel Mendoza
Mexico

A good and great envelope it shall be G.M. But if you can't trust the Mexican Post Office, who can you trust? Eds.

Dear Metallik Director

That's a very good thing, you're publishing my stories in your mag. I really dig it! But you can be most careful with their reproduction. The mutilation of the cases it don't help to make artwork more beautiful or communicating. In *HM #6*, in the story "Orcyb," arms and legs of the characters were taked off . . . why?

I must signal that the translations are very good. You know, we put lots of energy in our work, and it's amazing to see a perfect reproduction. My best wishes for your mag.

Sergio Macedo
Paris

[Continued on next page]

Dear Sergio: Hope you like the book of yours — Psychonock — we just published. Hope you like the check for it, too. Hope you understand that the film we receive from France of your work is oversized and Harry the Art Director (and ra) with women) goes squirrelly in the back room cropping and adjusting to get as much of your fantastic art as possible into our smaller page size.–Ed.

Gentlemen:

Heavy Metal, 9/77, pg. 57 upper left. Pacino?

Charles Burgess
Wilmington, Ohio

Cid be. Or De Niro. Or Hoffman. All earthlings look alike to us.–Eds.

Editors:

So far *Heavy Metal* is a disappointment. My main complaint is with the ignorant, spineless sexist content of the rag. Twits, don't you realize women read fantasy, too?

To a woman, every issue has been an insult. Women are people dammitee. End this sexist/sadistic bull and grow.

D D'Falahee
San Francisco, Calif

Have the impression this is a form letter you automatically fire off to all new mags D Three of HM's four editors are women. Regular contributors include Zha, Nicollet Clavelloux, and Montellier — all women. We feature enough male nudes to make the mag a favorite with gays, for what that's worth. Bint, finally, the magazine is of fantasy – and doesn't treat women or men as "human beings" but as idealized, imaginary characters. If the only thing preventing the passage of the E.R.A. is the big tits on space ladies, it's a weirder world than even we imagined.–Eds.

Dear Heavies:

Well, who would have thought such escapism could be welcome here in Euphoria, Kansas? An excellent magazine, with few exceptions. "Age of Ages" detracts from your overall atmosphere. Same goes for "Roger," the photographic fiasco.

Moebius is superb. Love that Harzak! "Conquering Armies" is like Tolkien's world of Rings and Hobbits, and fascinating.

I'm glad I subscribed. Cheaper than smoking, too.

Michael Leclear
Emporia, Kansas

Well, of course, we liked "Roger" and "Age of Ages" or we wouldn't have run them. There's another long chapter of "Conquering Armies" in our January issue. You'll love it. But why this reference to tobacco?–Eds.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak, and more. $4.00

HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet; Virgo, the cosmic maiden; Russian astronauts; Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival; while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. ($3.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator Robert E. Howard with illustrations by Corben; Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Sheila, the first chapter of Dave's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak. ($2.00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga. The Long Tomorrow also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Sime, and the horrible Gold Queen. ($2.00)

HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins. The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samurai, puppets, sex, and violence. ($2.00)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER 1977 Galactic aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera, more World Apart, Den and Polonius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story. ($2.00)

HM #7/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Packed with knights, ladies, jet pilots, paranoia, reincarnation, and other harmless pastimes. 10 pages of color Moebius, the Airtight Garage, Den and Polonius redux, and fiction by Theodora Sturgeon. ($2.00)

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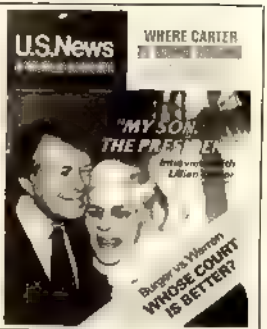

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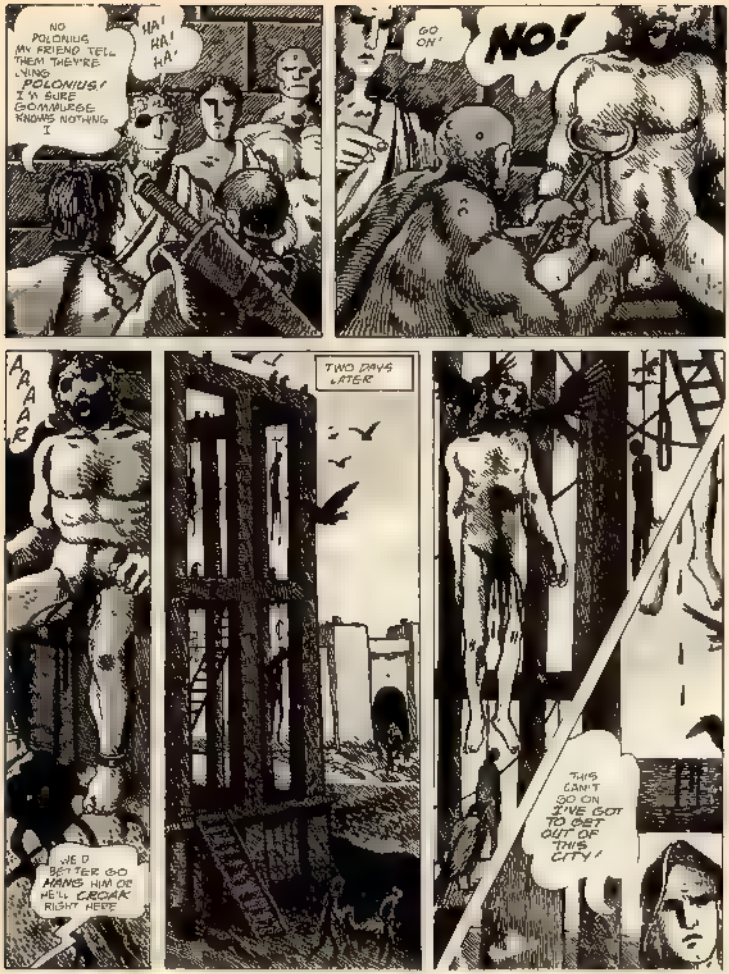
SEVERAL DAYS AFTER IN THE CORRIDORS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE
JYNNA ! YOU ASKED TO SEE ME ?
YES AND I'LL GET RIGHT TO THE POINT DELIVER EGYPIOS UP TO ME !
WHAT ?
POLONIUS
A BLOODY DICARET
OR TARDI
THE WIDOWS TRIBUNAL MUST JUDGE HIM
BUT WILL YOU ACCOUNT TO ME FOR WHAT YOU ASK ?
DON'T FORGET EXCOMMUNICATE IN THREE DAYS, EGYPIOS, BOUND HAND AND FOOT !
SHE EXAGGERATES EVEN THOUGH AFTER ALL DOUBTLESS SHE HAS HER REASONS.
POOR EGYPIOS HEE ! HEE ! HEE !
HEY WHERE DID MY SWEETIE GET TO ?

"THREE DAYS LATER"
HEY! SOLDIER! WHAT ARE THEY ACCUSING ME OF? TELL ME!
THIS IS A DIRTY TRICK. THEY'RE PLANNING SOMETHING ON ME. YES, A REALLY DIRTY TRICK!
EGYPIOS! BY ORDER OF THE EMPEROR GOAMMURSE, THE WINDWAS TRIBUNAL IS CHARGED WITH THIS INQUIRY
GO AHEAD
IN THE NAME OF THE EMPEROR GOAMMURSE AND AS PROSECUTOR FOR THE WINDWAS TRIBUNAL I ACCUSE YOU OF ATTEMPTED CONSPIRACY!
AH! YOU! YOU'RE JUST A DIRTY SPY I SAVED FROM PENAL SERVITUDE IN WARROS! OH! SO THAT'S WHO WE'RE HIDING BEHIND

AAH!
YOU ARE ALSO ACCUSED OF AN ATTEMPT AT CORRUPTION! THESE ACTS ARE OF SUCH SERIOUSNESS THAT THE WIDOWS' TRIBUNAL DEMANDS YOU BE PUT TO DEATH!
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ALL THIS?
BAH! TODAY IT'S ME TOMORROW IT WILL BE YOUR TURN AND NOW I'M TOTALLY AT APPEARS YOU'RE SELLING YOUR ASS AT THE WIDOWS
WHAT CAN YOU DO? LIFE INVOLVES SACRIFICES
I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU AT ALL. I OFFERED YOU EVERYTHING-- MY PROTECTION A WOMAN WEALTH AND YOU HAD SOME NEED TO DO ACT THE FOOL WITH CHIMOS MAYBE THERE'S BEEN A MISUNDER STANDING LET'S TALK
NO, EGYPIOS IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GO BACK IT'S NO LONGER MY MORAL PURITY WHICH YOU AND I ARE RISKING NOW IT'S MY SKIN


NO POLONIUS, MY FRIEND TELL THEM THEY'RE LYING POLONIUS! I'M SURE CORNELIUSE KNOWS NOTHING I
HA! HA! HA!
GO ON!
NO!
AAAAR
WE'D BETTER GO HANG HIM OR HE'LL CROAK RIGHT HERE
TWO DAYS LATER
THIS CAN'T GO ON I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS CITY!

AN EXECUTIONER THAT'S WHAT I'VE BECOME HOW DID I TURN INTO THIS?
EZZULIA! WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE?
JYNIA IS LOOKING FOR YOU THERE'S ANOTHER PARTY TONIGHT
HEE HEE HEE HEE!
IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR YOU TO RETURN TO RU!
YOU SEE WHAT YOU ARE NOW ONLY GOOD FOR GIVING PLEASURE ON COMMAND TO SOME KIND OF WIDOW YOU'RE NOT ANYTHING ANYMORE!
YA I'M A WHORE JUST LIKE YOU! BUT I'M NOT GOING BACK TO RU.. THEY CAN HAVE FUN WITHOUT ME I'VE DECIDED TO LEAVE
YOU WON'T GET FAR YOU'LL BE BACK, I'M SURE OF THAT! HA! HA! HA!

?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE
I'M DIGGING SIR I AM CONDEMNED TO DIG THIS PIT UNTIL THE END OF MY DAYS
TAKE THIS THING CARRY IT WITH YOU ALWAYS WITH THIS YOU ARE FREE NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO BOTHER YOU
IT IS OF NO USE TO ME ANY LONGER FAREWELL
SIR WHY DO ME SUCH A FAVOR ?
FOR SEVERAL DAYS POLONIUS HAS BEEN SEARCHING FOR A CERTAIN CAVE IN THE MOUNTAINS
?
POLONIUS!

THIS IS THE END THIS IS THE END!
YOU AGAIN!
LOOK! THIS IS THE END IT IS AS I TOLD YOU THERE IS A PLAGUE IN RU IT IS SPREADING THROUGH THE WHOLE CITY WITH AMAZING SPEED
LOOK THIS IS JYNIA'S SARCOPHAGUS SHE DIED LAST NIGHT!
ALL THE PRAYERS TO THE GROTESQUE GODS OF RU WILL HELP NOTHING
EVEN AT THE ALLEYS STREWN WITH CORPSES WHERE NO ONE MAY CHANGE HIS THE PLAGUE TO BURN
NEZZULIA, IN AT THE

"FEW BUT CROWS REMAIN IN THIS ACCURSED CITY. YOU WERE RIGHT, POLONIUS, TO GIVE UP THE LOST FIGHT. IT IS ENDURING ITS FINAL HOURS."
I HOPE YOU WILL BELIEVE ME THIS TIME
YES... BUT WAIT! WAIT!
FASCINATED BY WHAT HE SAW AND HEARD HE FELT AN IRRESISTIBLE DESIRE TO RETURN THERE ONE LAST TIME

GOMMURGE!
WHAT A STENCH!
FIN

Raise Hell with Mother Jones!

When Mary Harris "Mother" Jones was 99 years old, she was introduced to a college audience as "a great humanitarian."

"No!" Mother Jones roared. "I'm a hell raiser!"

Today MOTHER JONES magazine is raising her kind of hell. MOTHER JONES is a magazine of tough-minded questions, not simplistic answers. An understanding magazine that shares your disaffection with modern American culture—and your distrust of many of the people in power.

Just look at the hell we're raising:

- In **"A Case Of Corporate Malpractice"** MOTHER JONES exposed the huge pharmaceutical company that made sixteen million dollars from a birth control device—even while they knew that women were suffering and dying from its effects.
- **"Bust Your Boss"** told the whole story of *Mobil*'s illegal shipments of oil to Rhodesia during the embargo, including a daring ploy by a group of activists, an insider's leak and a secret rendezvous at Penn Station to get the information out.
- **"What You Don't Know May Hurt You"** revealed the disasters of a U.S.-built nuclear power plant in India that nobody would talk about—including General Electric, Bechtel, our government, India's.

And an Associated Press release just revealed that MOTHER JONES is one of the 37 magazines used to prepare the daily White House news summary for the President. So now we know that Jimmy is watching our hell-raising too.

But like our namesake, MOTHER JONES also has a lighter side: the prankster's touch and a ready ear for the warmer moments in life.

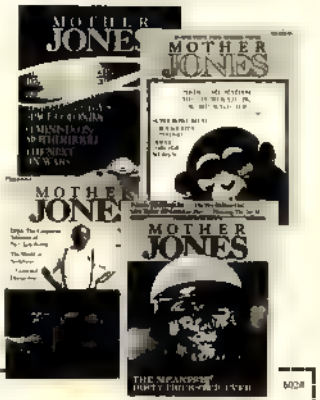
- **"Peking! Peking!"** is Li-li Ch'en's moving account of a girl coming of age in China during the revolution: her first fumble, first love, first missionary school. (Winner of a 1977 National Magazine Award.)
- **"The Censored Doonesbury"**—MOTHER JONES printed Garry Trudeau's most notorious comic strips—the ones you probably missed because they didn't appear in most newspapers.
- And readers have had a chance to follow the hijacker that got away, meet **Stede Terhal** in an excerpt from his new oral autobiography, read about the history they never taught us in school, look at China's musical bit parade, learn how to start an FM radio station.

Think you'd like to see what kind of hell MOTHER JONES is raising now? Send for your *free* issue. If you like it, you can get a full year (9 more issues) at the Special Introductory Rate of $8.88—a regular subscription is $12.50. But if for any reason, you decide not to subscribe, just mark "cancel" on the bill. And keep your *free* issue—it's our way of thanking you for spending some time with

OR CALL OUR TOLL FREE NUMBER:

800 227-1464

(California residents call: 800: 722-3909)



FREE ISSUE

☐ **Sure, send me a FREE copy of MOTHER JONES. If I like it I'll pay you $8.88 (a 34% saving) for a full year, 9 more issues. If I decide not to subscribe for any reason, I'll just mark "cancel" on the bill and that's it—no further obligation.**

Name_____

Address_____

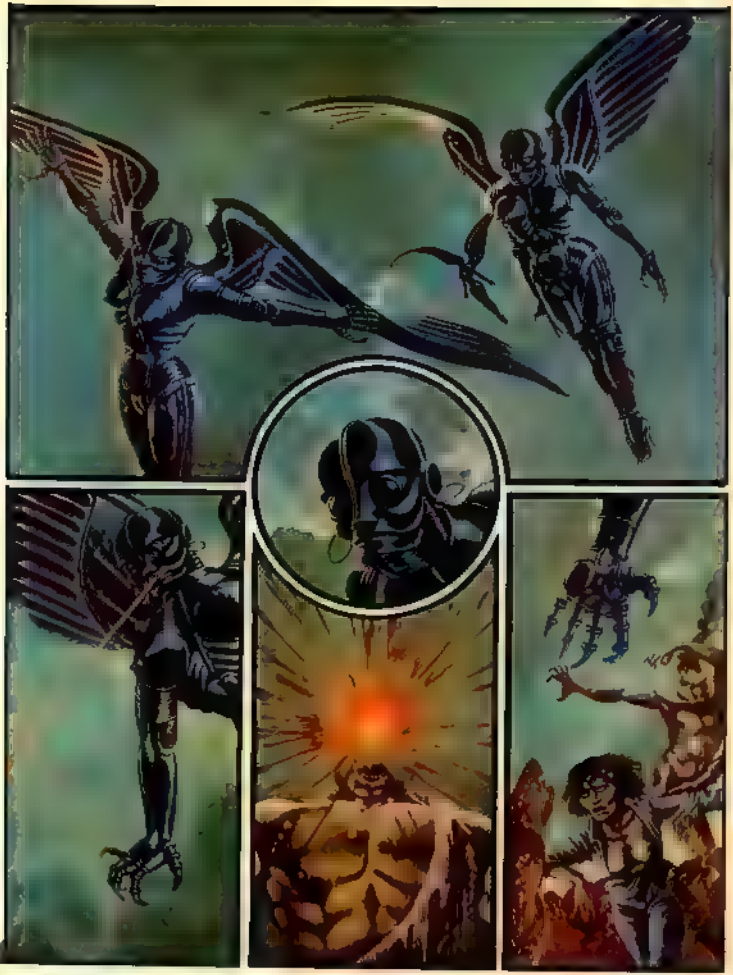
City_____

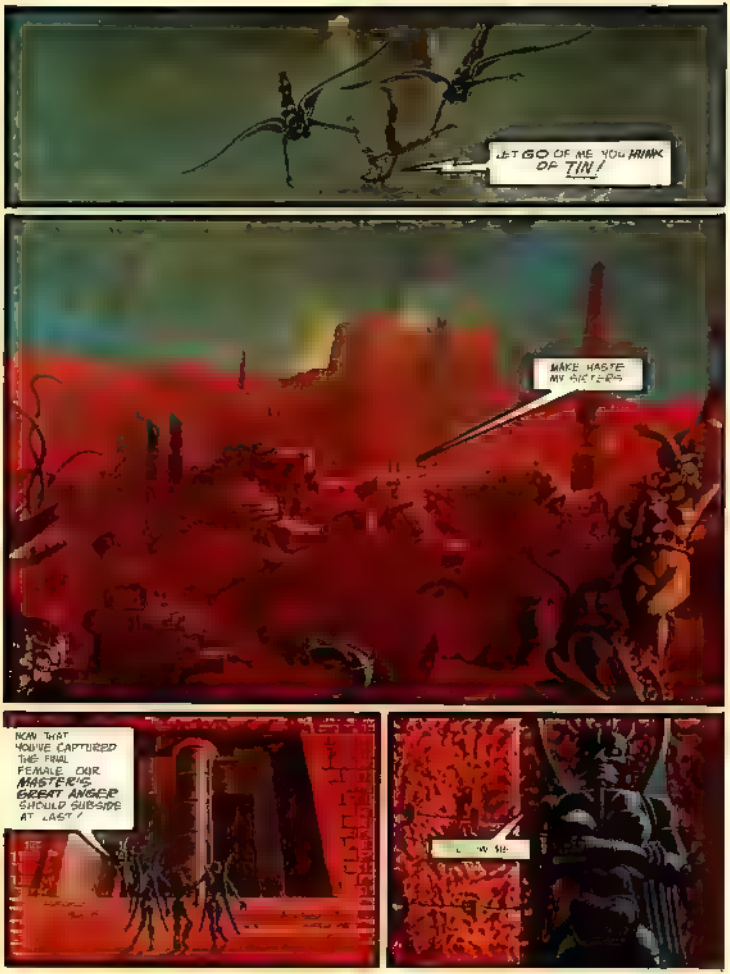
State_____ Zip_____

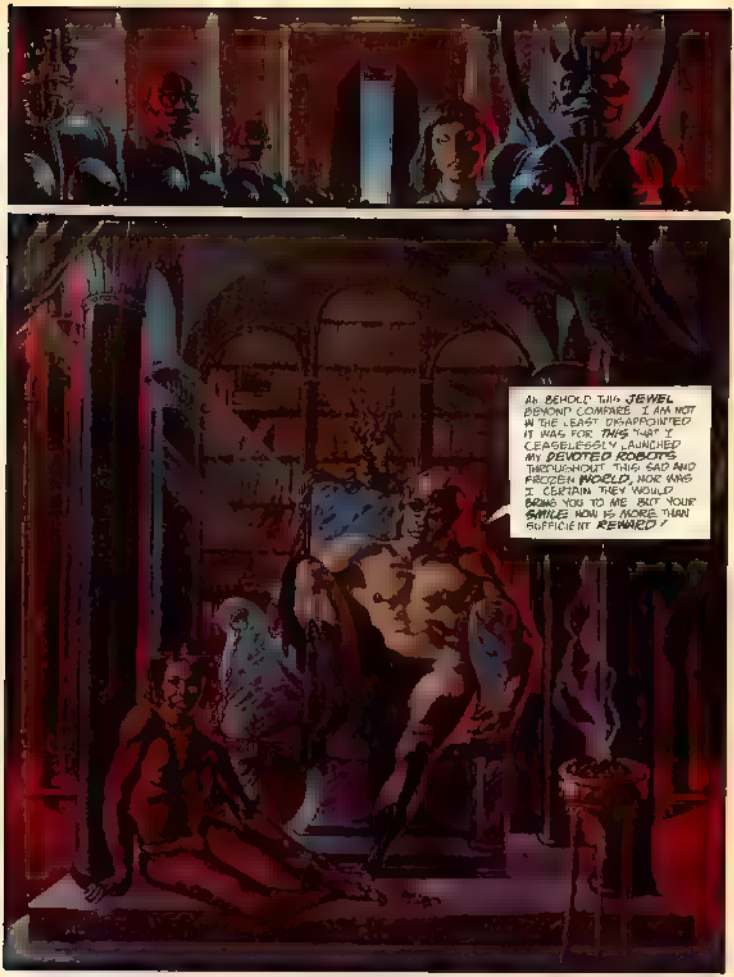
MOTHER JONES: 1255 Portland Place, Boulder, Colorado 80302

"MASTER"
GODDAMMIT, FOR GOD'S SAKE

I HAVE NO INTENTION OF LETTING ANYONE SHIT ON ME! NO ONE! EVER!!
MY GOD! THAT'S REALLY DISGUSTING!
SISTER! AT LAST OUR EFFORTS HAVE BEEN REWARDED!
TIS THAT HEALTHY YOUNG FEMALE WE'VE BEEN WATCHING!
SWIFTLY OVERPOWERED THE POOR GIRL SUBMITTED TO THE VIOLENT ASSAULTS OF THE FILTHY CREATURE BUT

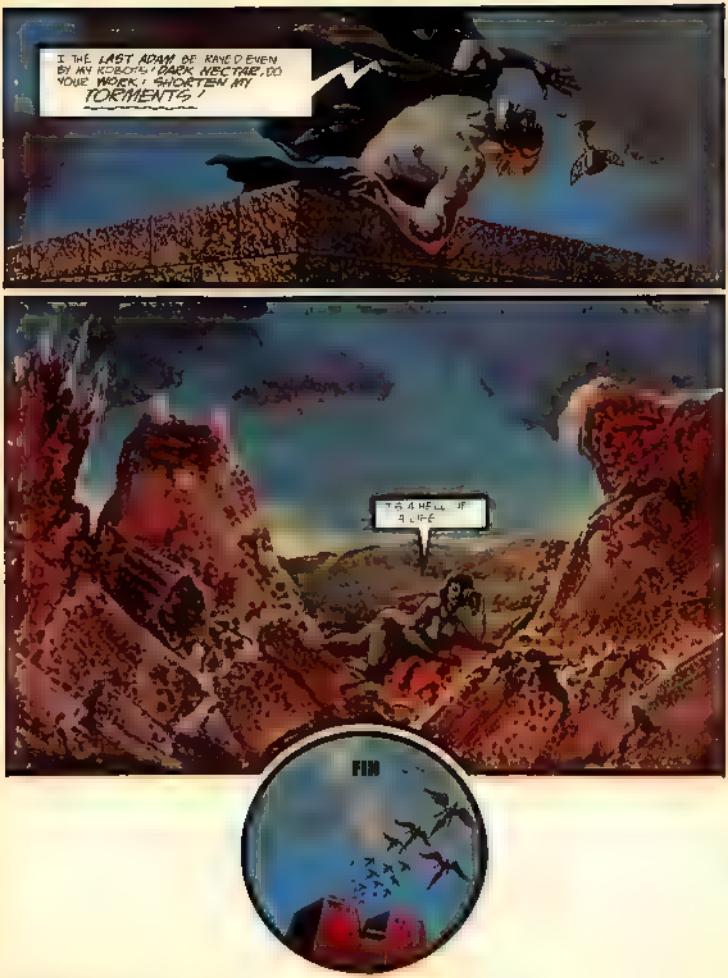



LET GO OF ME YOU HUNK OF TIN!
MAKE HASTE MY SISTERS
NOW THAT YOU'VE CAPTURED THE FINAL FEMALE, OUR MASTER'S GREAT ANGER SHOULD SUBSIDE AT LAST!


AH BEHOLD THIS JEWEL BEYOND COMPARE. I AM NOT IN THE LEAST DISAPPOINTED IT WAS FOR THIS THAT I CEASELESSLY LAUNCHED MY DEVOTED ROBOTS THROUGHOUT THIS SAD AND FROZEN WORLD, NOR WAS I CERTAIN THEY WOULD BRING YOU TO ME BUT YOUR SMILES NOW IS MORE THAN SUFFICIENT REWARD!

AND WITH YOUR WHOLE SOME BEAUTY YOU AND I WILL PRODUCE A NEW RACE, ALONE AS WE ARE UPON THIS DESOLATE WORLD
AND SO MY MASTER YOU ARE DEMANDING ME AWAY? YOU HAVE GROWN WEARY OF MY STERILE WOMB AND ARE NOW INFLAMED BY SUCH VULGAR CHARMS AS THESE?
WELL, MY MASTER TO PLEASE YOU, THE MORE I SHALL PUT AN END, WITH THIS KNIFE DIPPED IN POISON, TO THIS LIFE WHICH ONCE QUIVERED COMPLETELY IN YOUR HANDS! FAREWELL TRAITOR MAY YOU BE DAMNED!
WE HAVE A DECIDED P
I'M TIRED OF HER STERILITY SHE MUST CERTAINLY BE CAST OUT!

SO LET HER BEGIN HER JOURNEY TO THE SHADOWY KINGDOM AND IN THE MOMENT OF OUR UNION'S CONSUMMATION, MAY WE BEGIN TO REPEOPLE THE WORLD WITH HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN
With her gentle gaze she won my heart,
With her regal bearing she charmed me,
But she too has been contaminated by
That goddamn radiation!
WHAT'S WITH THIS GUY? HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND!
A LIFE WITHOUT PURPOSE, A DEATH WITHOUT PRECEDENT! ALL MY MASTERY HAS LED ME TO THIS TEST TO THIS
AS FOR YOU DEMON BACK TO HELL WITH YOU !!!!


I THE LAST ADAM OF KANED EVEN BY MY ROBOTS! DARK NECTAR, DO YOUR WORK: SHORTEN MY TORMENTS!
FIN

What's weirder than a time warp, unique as a unicorn? A magazine that's totally new in concept, a magazine that's brilliantly executed, a magazine that has real impact on its readers. Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine is one.

Published by Twenty First Century Communications, the creators of National Lampoon, it began in March of '77 with a limited distribution. Within months, its sales had tripled.

Heavy Metal has already gone far beyond any magazine of fantasy or science fiction in the quality of its artwork, the daring of its stories, the number of copies sold.

We have quoted a fan who wrote to us. Heavy Metal is better than being stoned. Almost.

You can subscribe today.

Heavy Metal, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to be a part of Heavy Metal's fantasy universe. Please enter my subscription for the number of issues I've indicated below. I enclose $8.00 for each issue. (Foreign orders please add $2.00 per issue.)

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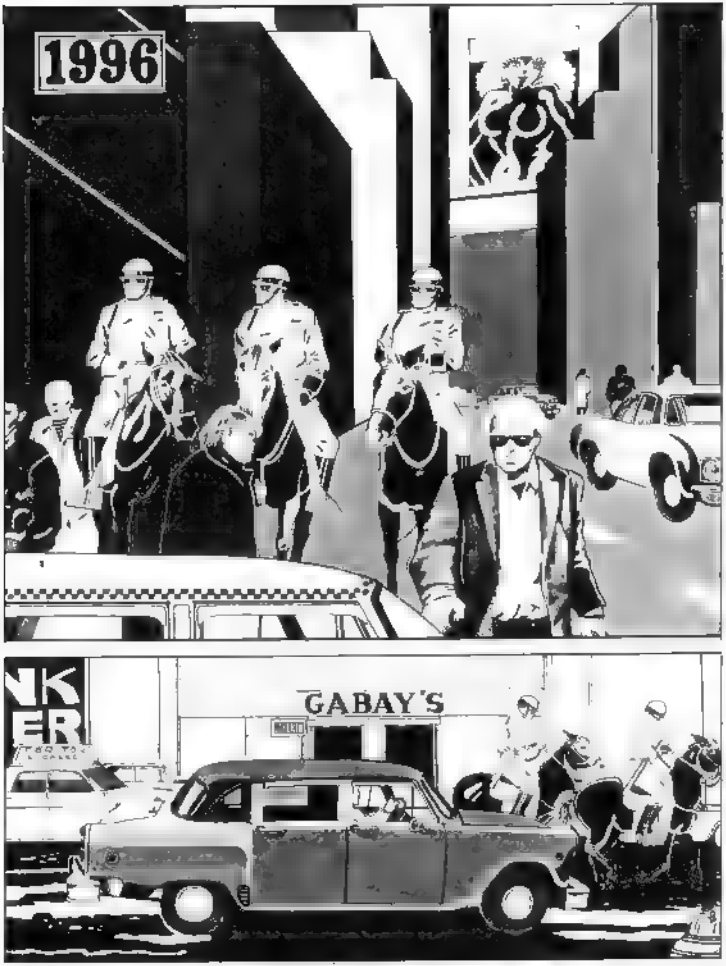
1996
GABAY'S

7491 TB
SPARE CHANGE?
HEY, MISTER! SPARE CHANGE?
MISTER?
HEY, MISTER!
Pepsi, please.
SHOP
HEY!
PLINK! PLONK!

2702
YO! ALFREDO!
ALFREDO!
MARCO?

CAIN! DISAINT QUIDSIR HERE...
SO, SIPOWN MUH SOWA!
HEY! YU PUD IS UP.
WUDJA SAY THE GRAYD WHITE HOBE, ER WUD?
HEY!
YA, SHUR. LIKE YU SED! BUD DON HOLDTER BREOTH TIL YUNSEE THE GRAYD WHIDE HOBE INA RING!
FUKN SHAME!

"CITIZENS OF THE WHITE RACE MAY NOT PARTICIPATE IN MANIFESTATIONS OF PROFESSIONAL SPORTS." LAW, JULY 9, 1994

RYD!
WEL... WAN SUMTHIN DU DRINK?
PAF!
YA, THANKS, DUDE. THAT ALOT. GOODA COME?
MARCH
HMMMMM...
MMM...
SO, SUNNY BOWA, WUD BRINGTYU ROUN?

First, there was *National Lampoon's Lemmings...*

Then, the *National Lampoon Show...*

And now...

"THAT'S NOT FUNNY, THAT'S SICK!"

National Lampoon drew huge audiences all over the United States and Canada with its presentations of *Lemmings* and the *National Lampoon Show*. From these shows came such stars as Chevy Chase, John Belushi, Alice Playten, Gilda Radner, Dan Ackroyd, Chris Guest—and numerous others.

And now comes 110 minutes of raucous black comedy and song ... in your town, on your campus—right in your face!

Extra added attraction: Michael Simmons and Sleetfoot. The most exciting new western rock group in years, they recently headlined at the world famed Rainbow Grill in New York City.

For booking information about the new National Lampoon presentation, contact:

Gemini Artists Management
1370 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019
(212) 246-1700

Coming soon—*National Lampoon's* new record album, *That's Not Funny, That's Sick!*

Here are some of the upcoming show dates:

September	21–22	Players Tavern, Westport, Conn.
	25	Univ. of New Haven, New Haven, Conn.
	26–28	My Father's Place, Roslyn, N.Y.
	30	Jersey City State College, Jersey City, N.J.
October	27	Middlesex County College, Edison, N.J.
	28–10/1	The Bijou, Philadelphia, Pa.
	2	Tufts Univ., Boston, Mass.
	3–9	Paul's Mall, Boston, Mass.
	10–12	Cellar Door, Washington, D.C.
	13	Univ. of Maryland, College Park, Md.
	14	Empire Theatre, Richmond, Va.
	15	Bogart's, Knoxville, Tenn.
	16–17	Exit Inn, Nashville, Tenn.
	18	Nicholls State Univ., Thibodaux, La.
October	19–23	Electric Ballroom, Atlanta, Ga.
	23	Armstrong College, Savannah, Ga.
	26	Wisdom Theatre, Chicago, Ill.
	27–28	Ray's Flying Circus, Milwaukee, Wisc.
	29	Royal Oak Theatre, Detroit, Mich.
	30	Duquesne Univ., Pittsburgh, Pa.
	31	The Agora, Cleveland, Ohio
November	2–3	El Mocambo, Toronto, Canada
	4	Queens University, Kingston, Ont.
	5	Monmouth College, W. Long Branch, N.J.
	6	Towson State College, Towson, Maryland
	7	Old Dominion Univ., Norfolk, Va.
	23–12/4	Coconut Grove, Miami, Florida

BARBER